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The Week

BY A smashing series of decisions rendered on April 12, and discussed editorially in another column, the Supreme Court upheld the Wagner Labor Relations Act and sanctioned its application to important manufacturing industries. . . . During the week previous, Chrysler finally settled with the United Automobile Workers on terms somewhat less favorable to the union than the law just upheld would have required, having wasted many millions of dollars by his stubbornness. Meanwhile General Motors, Ltd., of Canada, backed by Premier Hepburn of Ontario, brought on a strike by refusing to grant its employees at Oshawa what the employees of the parent company in this country had already won. . . . The Senate passed a resolution condemning in equal terms sit-down strikes and the unlawful practices of employers which led to them. . . . Sit-in strikers at the Hershey Chocolate factory were violently ejected from the plant by a mob of farmers, "loyal workers" and possibly imported thugs; thereafter the strikers won what they had originally requested, a vote to determine whether they were a majority and so were entitled to be sole bargaining agency. The anti-union violence was thus not only unlawful but ineffectual, and if the Supreme Court decision had come a few days earlier the strike itself would have been unnecessary. . . . A bloc of progressive Congressmen announced a permanent policy to use public works as an anti-depression measure. . . . More worry arose in Congress about the continuing deficit and the necessity to increase taxation if cuts in expenditure are not made. . . . President Roosevelt denied the rumor that the dollar would be revalued upward in order to check the embarrassing flow of capital and gold to this country. . . . A permanent CCC was recommended.

THE British Cabinet once more timidly retired before fascist threats by advising British ships not to try to land foodstuffs at Bilbao, which Franco has blockaded. Under the non-intervention agreement shipments of food are not barred; as long as Franco is not recognized as a belligerent, any attempt of his to interfere with shipping is piracy under international law; the British had apparently prepared to challenge his action by concentrating overwhelming naval force in the Bay of Biscay; but the outcome was one more surrender, a long series of which has encouraged fascist aggression. . . . The offensives of the Spanish government ran into stiffer resistance and were stopped, at least temporarily, short of their main objectives. . . . France and Great Britain in simultaneous notes rejected the offer, made weeks ago, to exchange concessions in Spanish Morocco for military aid, pointing out that they adhered firmly to the non-intervention agreement and were satisfied with the existing status in Africa. It was the duty of the Spanish government, the notes pointed out, to reëstablish peace before opening such negotiations. Apparently the British expect a stalemate in the war and look forward to a negotiated settlement. . . . The Rexist Party in Belgium, representing the fascist movement, was overwhelmingly

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defeated in a bye-election in which it tried to capture the seat of Premier van Zeeland. . . . A sugar conference opened in London to arrange for international restriction and allocation of output. Rumor said this pointed toward another attempt at a general international economic settlement. . . . The Trotsky "trial" in Mexico City got under way, with Trotsky denying all charges against him.

CONGRESS must wrestle soon with next year's appropriation for relief. The federal government has now ended all direct relief, leaving this task to the states and cities. It is, however, spending about $2,500,000,000 annually for work relief, nearly all of it through the WPA. A determined effort will now be made to cut this amount drastically, especially since tax receipts have been disappointingly small and the only feasible alternative would be higher taxes or more of them, or both. One group of congressional tories wants relief cut by 60 percent, to $1,000,000,000 a year. Another plan which has the support of many Governors and Mayors and of a large group in Congress, including Representative Maverick of Texas, calls for at least $2,400,000,000 annually, to be spent on projects of lasting value. President Roosevelt, who has already announced that relief expenditures will be diverted from capital goods to consumers' items, in the effort to halt runaway prices, is supposed to favor an appropriation of $1,200,000,000 to $1,500,000,000. Meanwhile the latest careful guess at unemployment, made last week by Louis H. Bean for Secretary Wallace, holds that there are nearly ten million unemployed, of whom only about 2,200,000 are being cared for through the present government program. Local relief throughout the country is in many cases pitifully inadequate and, even in the eighth year of the depression, often stupidly and brutally administered. When things were at their worst, Mr. Bean says, one worker in three was idle; today it is one in four. In such circumstances, to cut federal relief in half would be to bring on disaster.

THE animus of Premier Hepburn of Ontario against the unionized automobile workers on strike in the Oshawa plant of General Motors is difficult to understand except on the ground of a guilty conscience. Apparently what he really wants to do is to side with foreign-owned corporations against Canadian workers, so that labor conditions in Canada will be inferior to those in the United States and will thus attract more capital from this side of the border. Naturally enough, he masks this intention by bitter hostility toward the CIO and its leaders, as a foreign labor organization seeking to introduce lawlessness and violence into peaceful Ontario. Without any menace of unlawful action on the part of the striking workers, he threatened to mobilize the Canadian Mounted and the military against them. He then refused to aid the negotiations so long as an international union officer, called in from this side of the border by the local workers themselves, took part in the conferences. Virtually all Canadian unions are and have long been affiliated with international unions, the bulk of whose members are in the United States. Their officers, usually citizens of this country, habitually take part in negotiations involving Canadian employers. It would be absurd for labor not to be united in the two nations, in view of the competition across the border and the penetration of Canada by United States capital. It would seem more logical for a Canadian official to denounce the Ontario branch of General Motors for fomenting strife by not granting to its employees the same terms already won by their brothers in this country.

NEWSPAPERS opposed to President Roosevelt's plan for reconstruction of the Supreme Court continue to give the impression, by every means possible, that there is a rising tide of protest against the plan, a tide that is now almost unanimous throughout the country. Readers of such papers might note for future reference a few facts. A statewide election in Michigan last week gave the Democrats six victories and the Republicans three, five of the six Democratic winners taking places previously held by the other party. A supporter of the President's plan won handsomely in Texas over a Democratic opponent of it. The Institute of Public Opinion reports a steady though small increase in support for the plan in three successive national polls since the scheme was first broached, the support rising from 47 percent to 49. It is favored by 77 percent of lawyers, 70 percent of Democrats, 74 percent of those on relief, 66 percent of union labor, 50 percent of those polled in cities, 50 percent of youth. CIO members are in favor by 71 percent, A.F. of L. 68, company unions, 58. We do not dispute that there is much and bitter opposition to the President's plan; but the fight is far less one-sided than many people suppose.

LAST December, the Institute of Public Opinion conducted a national poll as to the leading figures in the Democratic Party. Governor Murphy of Michigan did not even appear among the first eight. This week the Institute announced a new poll in which he ran third, being exceeded only by Postmaster General Farley and Governor Earle of Pennsylvania. Mr. Murphy's sudden popularity is of course the result of his fine job in settling a series of major strikes, chief among them those affecting General Motors, Chrysler, Reo and Hudson workers. He showed great patience, striking physical endurance, persistence in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles and courage enough to disregard the acute desire of many conservative citizens of his own state to see him lynched. No one need be surprised to see him called to exercise his qualities on a larger stage than the state of Michigan.

THE American Newspaper Guild continues to register impressive gains on many fronts. A contract recently has been signed with The New York World-Telegram, key unit of the Scripps-Howard

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chain, which grants substantial increases in minimum-pay scales, more liberal dismissal notice and recognizes the Guild as the sole bargaining agency for its editorial employees. Contracts also have been signed with The Pittsburgh Press, The Knoxville News-Sentinel, Cleveland Press and Memphis Commercial-Appeal, all members of the Scripps-Howard group. The Supreme Court's decision in the Morris Watson case, upholding the Guild's contentions against the Associated Press, opens the way to the ultimate unionization of that stronghold of reaction. In Boston, a contract has just been signed by The Boston Globe, ranging it alongside The Herald-Traveler, with which a contract was signed last December, and The Transcript, whose admitted financial weakness precludes the signing of a full Guild contract: at least it has set up a temporary working agreement with the Guild. A contract including the preferential shop is in force in nearby Lynn, Massachusetts, with The Telegram-News in that city.

IT IS to be hoped that Mr. Roosevelt and the State Department will exercise great care in selecting the new American Ambassador to Cuba. For four decades we have been accused of dominating the affairs of the Island Republic, at first openly and for the last few years covertly. This fact has earned us much ill will not only in Cuba itself but throughout Latin America. We now have an important opportunity to correct this impression. It would not do merely to select a career diplomat whose service has been in some other part of the world, so that he is not known to favor one policy or another in Cuban affairs. The Cubans themselves, and with a good deal of reason, believe that the State Department has never been reconciled to the idea of letting the Island alone, and especially since most of its big corporations are owned in Wall Street. The new Ambassador should be an outstanding American figure whose appointment would itself be a guarantee that we shall have a New Deal in Cuban policy.

RUMORS are afoot in Washington that Jefferson Caffery is about to be appointed American Ambassador to Brazil. We earnestly hope that they prove erroneous. Mr. Caffery was until recently spokesman for the United States in Cuba and is believed throughout Latin America to have been personally responsible for the support this country has given, tacitly and otherwise, to the Batista dictatorship. Earlier, there were similar accusations when he was accredited to Colombia. Even if these charges were not true, they are so widely entertained that his usefulness as a spokesman for the United States in any Latin American country has been destroyed. Unfortunately, there is good reason to believe that the criticisms of him have substantial merit. It is doubly regrettable that he should be spoken of in connection with Brazil, since that country now suffers a semi-fascist regime that is on all fours with the Batista administration in Cuba. We suggest that if Mr. Caffery is to be continued in the American foreign service, he should not be sent to any post in this hemisphere, or to any of the Latin powers in Europe, or to any other country where the suspicion of sympathy with fascist techniques and philosophy could hamper his service.

IN The New Republic's supplement to its issue of March 17, dealing with "The Press and the Public," we stated that no newspaper in St. Louis supported President Roosevelt in the last national election. This statement was an injustice to The St. Louis Star Times, and our figures should be revised to read as follows:

Pro-Roosevelt Circulation:	137,390	Pro-Landon Circulation:	452,553
Democratic Vote:	260,063	Republican Vote:	127,887

The final figures for the fifteen largest cities should now read:

Pro-Roosevelt Circulation:	4,647,514	Pro-Landon Circulation:	10,799,308
or 30.1 percent		or 69.9 percent	
Democratic Vote:	7,113,400	Republican Vote:	3,226,079
or 69 percent		or 31 percent	

Labor Wins in Court

IN FIVE cases testing the validity of the Wagner Labor Relations Act, the Supreme Court took the broadest possible position by upholding the law on every issue. The long struggle of employers to resist collective bargaining by disobeying the law, a struggle which began with the NRA, is therefore a lost cause, except for possible minor exceptions. If this outcome had been achieved four years ago, a majority of the bitter labor controversies occurring in the meantime would have been avoided.

The power of Congress to pass laws protecting the right of collective bargaining, and of unions to obtain enforcement of such laws in the courts, had already been upheld in the decision on the Railway Labor Act two weeks before. The Wagner Act, drawn in similar terms, was therefore in substance almost certain to be declared constitutional. It is valid, according to the recent decisions, in protecting employees from coercion or discharge because of union activity, in forbidding employers to foster company unions or interfere in any way with the self-organization of employees, and in compelling employers to negotiate with unions in a real effort to reach an agreement. Although the issue was not directly involved in these cases, the law is probably also valid in empowering the National Labor Relations Board to hold elections to determine what organization is desired as representative by a majority of employees in any bargaining unit, and to designate that organization as sole bargaining agency. The questions concerning which the chief doubt existed before the rendering of these latest decisions had to do with the extent to which the

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jurisdiction of the Act might be limited on other grounds, such as the right of freedom of the press, or the contention that a particular business was not engaged in interstate commerce and hence was not subject to federal regulation.

In the Associated Press case, the Court upheld an order of the National Labor Relations Board, putting into effect the decision of its examiner, Dean Charles E. Clark of the Yale Law School. Mr. Morris Watson of the AP's staff had been discharged; the Newspaper Guild had alleged that the reason for the discharge was union activity; Dean Clark had found this to be the case, and the Board had ordered Mr. Watson's reinstatement. The Associated Press had refused to obey the order, principally on the plea that it was not engaged in interstate commerce, and that governmental interference with its right of discharge was an invasion of freedom of the press. The Court held that this national news-gathering and distributing association was carrying on interstate commerce and that freedom of the press had nothing to do with the case. Newspapers are subject to laws just like any other business; they cannot escape taxation and regulation thought appropriate for industry in general just because the press is free to print what it likes. If Mr. Watson had been discharged for any attempt to interfere with the news policy of the employer, there might have been some justice in the plea, but this was not even alleged. Thus falls to the ground the special exemption from collective-bargaining legislation claimed by newspapers and press associations ever since the days of the NRA.

In the case of the Washington, Virginia and Maryland Coach Company, there was no doubt of the decision, once the main principles of the Act were approved, since the company was admittedly engaged in interstate commerce. If the Court had thrown out the law in this case, there would have been little left of it.

The other three cases furnished the real surprise. They involved the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation, the Freedman-Harry Marks Clothing Company, and the Fruehof Trailer Company, all manufacturing concerns, making steel, clothing and automobiles respectively. Previously the Court had held that manufacturing was not interstate commerce, and in the decision invalidating the first Guffey Coal Act it had explicitly stated that wages and employment conditions in mines and factories were matters only of local concern. Nevertheless it has now declared that the Wagner Act covers these three cases, and by inference not only the specific industries involved but virtually all important manufacturing industries. Mr. Chief Justice Hughes, speaking for the majority, said: "The congressional authority to protect interstate commerce from burdens and obstructions is not limited to transactions which can be deemed to be an essential part of the flow of interstate or foreign commerce. Burdens or obstructions may be due to injurious action springing from other sources." It would not seem to require a giant intellect to acknowledge that labor troubles may seriously obstruct interstate commerce even if they occur in local factories, but that the Court would accept such a conclusion was almost beyond the hope of the friends of the law. Whether the decision authorizes federal regulation of other matters than labor relations themselves—matters, for instance, like prices and wages—is still, however, open to question.

For the first time in the history of this country, labor's right to organize and bargain without interference by employers is now clearly established in the national law. Employer-controlled company unions, victimization of active union workers, refusal to recognize and deal with independent labor organizations, unfair interference through espionage and union-smashing agencies are definitely outlawed. That labor will take the utmost possible advantage of this opportunity goes without saying. The organization campaigns already undertaken by the CIO and the A.F. of L. will be immensely stimulated. Unions may win without costly struggles the main concessions for which they were compelled to fight General Motors and Chrysler; the superior wisdom of companies like General Electric and U. S. Steel in granting these concessions without wasting millions of dollars in industrial warfare is now doubly apparent. Sit-down or other strikes will no longer be necessary to gain elementary union status, provided employers will obey the law. Of course this does not mean that strife between labor and capital will cease; it merely means that labor no longer has to fight for its collective existence.

Many now argue that though the Wagner law may be constitutional, it is unjust because it is one-sided, imposing obligations only upon the employer. This argument shows a misunderstanding of the first principles of labor relations. No obligations can exist upon the side of organized labor until its organized status is established and recognized. Unions cannot accept responsibility or exercise discipline over their members unless their existence and their right to speak for employees are granted as a condition precedent. All that the Wagner Act pretends to do is to make it possible for unions to exist and function. In so far as employers have prevented this development, it is just and wise to restrain them from doing so without imposing correlative obligations on labor. The development of anything like industrial constitutionalism or democracy in industry requires at the very least that both parties meet on something approaching an equal footing.

The other big question arising from the decisions is the effect they ought to have upon the President's proposal to change the complexion of the Court. All the decisions except the foregone conclusion of the coach case were by a majority of five-to-four. If Mr. Justice Roberts had voted the other way—as he did on the first Guffey coal law a few months ago, in a decision which seemed to establish the exact contrary of the principles now accepted—the Constitution would not have allowed Congress to protect

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collective bargaining in manufacturing industries. The Court minority pointed out the inconsistency of these two decisions in no uncertain terms. No clearer demonstration could be required of the following propositions: (1) that the Constitution is what the judges say it is; (2) that what the judges say it is depends on the uncertain opinions of the particular judges who are doing the saying; (3) that the Court, in performing its judicial function, is really exercising political and legislative power of the most important kind; (4) that the personnel of the Court should therefore be carefully selected with a view to the political philosophy of the appointees, and that its complexion should reflect the political leanings of the country as a whole. That the Court now, by the narrow margin of one vote, seems to reflect these leanings, does not remove the necessity for making its composition more flexible. Who knows when Mr. Justice Roberts will do another flop?

Chemistry and War

ANYONE who still doubts the tremendous potentialities of chemistry as an auxiliary of war would do well to get hold of, and carefully study, the formidable volume written by Lieutenant-Colonel Augustin M. Prentiss, of the Chemical Warfare Service, United States Army. "Chemicals in War, a Treatise on Chemical Warfare"[1] is, without doubt, the most comprehensive monograph on this grisly subject now available in English, and a fit companion to such classics as Major-General C. H. Foulkes's "Gas! The Story of the Special Brigade," Hederer and Istin's "L'Arme Chimique et Ses Blessures" and the two-volume colossus by Rudolf Hanslian, "Der Chemische Krieg."

Echoing the orthodox military view that gas "is not only one of the most efficient agencies for effecting casualties, but is the most humane method of warfare yet devised by man," Lieutenant-Colonel Prentiss attempts, with the aid of an elaborate apparatus of statistical analysis derived from the last War (when chemistry was admittedly breaking new ground), to prove "that if a man who is gassed survives the war he comes out body whole, as God made him." Not only does this monstrous assertion completely fail to take account of new chemical munitions such as may be derived from ethylene and cacodyl compounds, organic fluorides and the deadly nickel tetracarbonyl vapors whose military possibilities are touched upon by Hederer and Istin. It also runs directly counter to recent reports from St. Dunstan's Home for Blinded Soldiers in London, in which it was stated that twenty-four cases of "delayed-action" blindness have "proved in every instance to be a result of the effects of mustard-gas" poisoning *twenty years before*. And what of the significantly frank statement made to a group of military surgeons by Prentiss' fellow officer, Major-General Edward Croft:

> Today there is more than one indication that thermit and white phosphorus are going to be dumped on rear-area installations [read: civilian areas—ED.] in appalling quantities. . . . And as [our mechanized combat units] go up under enemy fire and enemy bombing, I rather suspect that you will find more first, second and third-degree burns than any of us likes to consider.

Lieutenant-Colonel Prentiss lists no fewer than sixty-eight varieties of chemical agents at present known. Forty-six of these are casualty agents (most of them are dispersed in liquid form) properly so-called: including the as yet untried lewisite and a terrifying number of coal-tar derivatives; thirteen "smokes" for harassing and camouflage purposes (many of them also highly toxic) and nine "incendiaries," of which the easily prepared thermit is the best known and most effective. To each of these infernal substances our author devotes several paragraphs or pages of detailed technical and medical discussion: in a number of cases the actual "flow-sheets" for their manufacture from the raw materials are reproduced, and an extraordinary chart lists the chemical properties, physical characteristics, tactical use and casualty-producing effects of twenty-five of the more important agents. Following this background material are three hundred pages minutely describing and analyzing the technique and tactics of chemical warfare. This section, although intended primarily for the military man, should be required reading for every civilian who wants to know what the next war is going to be like: that war from which (if he survives), he "comes out body whole, as God made him" into a world compared with which present-day Madrid will seem like the Elysian Fields.

On the question of defense, individual and collective, Lieutenant-Colonel Prentiss, in a hundred pages lavishly illustrated with different types of masks and equipment, can say nothing very new or in any sense reassuring. In England today we are witnessing the government's frantic efforts to flood the country with gas masks which are not only dangerously ineffective and of poor materials (the mask alone is utterly useless as against the vesicants—mustard gas, lewisite and nobody knows how many more deadly agents) but which may also easily require longer to adjust properly than the time needed for an air raid to get under way. Furthermore—as was pointed out by the Cambridge Scientists' Anti-War Group—masks cannot even be worn by children under five years of age. The strictly military view is equally pessimistic: a writer in The Army, Navy and Air Force Gazette, after severely castigating the British government for a civil defense system "that will not stand intelligent examination," suggests that "so far as London is concerned, it would be far better to devote every penny available for defense to the creation of roads along which London can evacuate itself."

[1] Chemicals in War. With chapters on the Protection of Civil Populations and International Situation, by Major George J. B. Fisher. McGraw-Hill Book Company. 739 pages, illustrated. $7.50.

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A counsel of despair; one that fails to recognize the astonishing improvement in anti-aircraft ordnance, or to heed the new lessons in aerial combat which the Spanish loyalist forces have been teaching the hitherto "invincible" squadrons of Mussolini and Hitler. Still high-explosive and incendiary bombs are one thing; lethal-gas bombs quite another, and if the Chemical Warfare Service of this country thinks that a present allocation of one mask for each four enlisted men, or a mask-production program of 100,000 masks a year, is sufficient for the eminently "humane" chemical warfare of tomorrow, the layman may be permitted a wry smile.

What of the connection between our peacetime chemical industry and our possible war needs? On this subject Lieutenant-Colonel Prentiss has a few extremely significant things to say: things which click to perfection with the government's recently revised Industrial Mobilization Plan. Lieutenant-Colonel Prentiss' own words may be allowed to tell the story:

> There is one very vital difference between chemical and all other forms of armament, in that many chemical-warfare agents exist in finished form as peacetime commercial chemicals, so that they may be employed for war purposes *without an alteration.* . . . A second peculiarity . . . is that the relationship between certain commercial chemical compounds and war gases is so close that the only difference in their process of manufacturing is in the last step. Hence, *every industrial chemical plant is a potential chemical arsenal* which can be readily converted for war manufacturing. . . . Finally, the dye industry [represented in this country by about forty establishments—ED.] possesses not only the plants and equipment for quantity production but also the skilled personnel and the trained research staffs so indispensable for the manufacture of known compounds *and for the discovery and development of new and effective ones. The stronger the dye industry, the greater the strength of the nation at war.* (Italics ours.—ED.)

Economic Heresy at Harvard

PRESIDENT Conant of Harvard during the Tercentenary celebrations last summer spoke on the question of intellectual heretics in the University. Either Harvard is afraid of heresy or it is not, said President Conant, and at the time he left the question up to his audience. A clue to the correct answer was furnished last week when Dr. J. Raymond Walsh and Dr. Alan R. Sweezy, both instructors in the Economics Department, received renewed contracts for two instead of three years. In the diplomatic language of Harvard this means that Doctors Walsh and Sweezy have been served with their final notice.

In its official statements the University says the fact that Doctors Sweezy and Walsh are active and enthusiastic trade-unionists, leaders in the Cambridge Union of University Teachers, child-labor-law proponents and opponents of the Massachusetts loyalty-oath bill for teachers has had nothing to do with the case. It is a question of their teaching abilities compared with those of the other "young men" in the Economics Department, which has become overcrowded and has exceeded its budget in recent years because of the sharp rise in the popularity of the social sciences among the students. But if they are unsuccessful teachers, as the action of the administration would indicate, it is a surprise to their students, who might be expected to know something about the problem.

Dr. Walsh gives the only undergraduate course in Labor Problems, is the senior instructor in Economics A, the elementary course, is to give part of a graduate course in Social Security in the fall and, according to a recent poll in The Harvard Crimson, is the most popular tutor in his field. Dr. Sweezy also teaches a section of Economics A, lectures in two advanced courses on the Corporation, lectures in the advanced course on Economic Theory and is one of the very popular tutors. Neither man has done distinguished research work so far, but for the past six months Dr. Walsh has been studying company unionism in the oil industry on a research fellowship and the results of his work in this field are to be published in the fall.

Whatever the real reasons for the dismissal of these two men may be, their case represents a further step in Harvard's trend toward conformity in the social sciences. Harvard, in theory, is devoted to a policy of old-fashioned liberalism. The administration says it believes that truth may best be found by an open-minded examination of the conflicting points of view. And yet, if Doctors Walsh and Sweezy are allowed to go, Harvard will have no professor in the Economics Department who is as far to the Left as President Roosevelt. Harvard will no longer have any serious difference of economic opinion within its teaching staff.

And in general, unless Harvard's policy toward its faculty undergoes a violent change, there is no hope that these conditions will be corrected in the near future.

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EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

ASSISTANT EDITORS

T. R. CARSKADON OTIS FERGUSON ELIZABETH HULING

TREASURER: DANIEL MEBANE

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HAMILTON BASSO H. N. BRAILSFORD LEWIS MUMFORD
JOHN T. FLYNN WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN
W. P. MANGOLD JOHN DEWEY JON. MITCHELL
REXFORD G. TUGWELL

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Literature in the Doldrums

I: The Past

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S series of revaluations of American writers between 1911 and 1929 suggested strongly a question that was not answered: where has all that literary activity left us now in the '30's? Mr. Cowley's concluding word was that the real achievement of those decades was to "create a new literary tradition," to "break a road for the writers who will some day follow them." If this were true, we should know where we are: it would be the business of present writers to continue the tradition and travel down the road. But suppose the reverse were the fact, that the tradition was ended and the road closed; then what? One cannot justly appraise the present situation without first examining its relation to the immediate past.

Unlike Mr. Cowley, I should say that the most striking thing about the writing of the teens and twenties, aside from the permanent excellence of much of it, is not that it points toward the future, but that it has swiftly and definitely receded into history. The "renaissance" of that period, like many other renaissances, was not a birth and a beginning, but an ending. Whenever numerous people, it seems, start singing "The world's great age begins anew," you may be sure that an era is dying. It is a law of literary history that these spectacular outbursts which look as if they were ushering in a new epoch are in truth ushering out an old one. It was so with the Elizabethans and the Romantics in England: first came the long slow fumbling preparation, then the sudden flowering. It was so even more conspicuously with the "Golden Day" in this country: Whitman thought he was a rooster crowing at dawn, but actually he was singing the swan song of the once triumphant ante-bellum democracy.

The analogy with the pre-Civil War literature of 1835-55 throws still more light on the years 1911-29, for it shows what fatal results too drastic a social upheaval can have upon writers. After the United States had transformed itself from a rural to an industrial society, Emerson, Melville, Whitman and many others lingered on as forlorn ghosts in the Gilded Age, having survived into a world to which they did not belong and to which they had nothing to say. Writers belong to the years of their youth, and if the world changes too radically about them, they are reduced to impotence or silence.

A misfortune of this sort is what happened to the group with which we are concerned. Most of them were born in the '70's and '80's and were fully adult when the twentieth century began; almost all their best work is based upon their early experiences. After a brief flourishing, they all withered away. Mr. Cowley suggests that their promise was blighted by the World War. I should prefer to remark that their activity and decline coincided with the disappearance of the horse—though no doubt the coming of the War and the disappearance of the horse are related phenomena. The point is that all these writers belonged mentally to the years just before mechanism and industry reached their full development. Theirs was a horse-and-buggy literature; or, to speak in Lewis Mumford's terms, theirs was the "paleotechnic" age. And how they hated both it and the time that has succeeded it! For what they voice is not the dominant attitude of the late nineteenth century, but a protest against it, and a protest furthermore not from our point of view as we look back, but from the point of view of a still earlier day, of that earlier culture which was being crushed but had not yet been obliterated by the "robber barons" of the '80's and '90's. Witness the fact that the social criticism of Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather and Sinclair Lewis can be matched point by point in Emerson and Thoreau and even Cooper—in fact, Emerson is more modern than the later generation.

No wonder then that they hated machines and factories and mass production and all other peculiarly modern phenomena and that they withered away with the complete and final triumph of all these things! The world which had produced them and of and for which they wrote had disappeared. Survivors of a more individualistic society, they could make no contact with the new corporate and collective world founded on modern technics. For that such a transformation has taken place, except for cultural lags such as the persistence of private profits, is, I take it, the crucial fact of our days. To anyone who doubts it, I recommend Lewis Mumford's "Technics and Civilization."

This basic shift, then, from an individualist to a corporate society crippled the writers of 1911-29, because it killed the two main traditions or forces which animated them and gave them power. Concerning one of these two, there is unlikely to be dispute: the old agrarian tradition and culture of the earlier United States, dominant before the Civil War, subordinate but still strong after it, so long but only so long as our supply of free land lasted. It was an individualism proper to an unclosed, uncircumscribed nation, a farmer's and craftsman's point of view. It was what most of us call "Americanism," the gospel according to Jefferson, Whitman and the later Lincoln. And it still persisted powerfully in Robert Frost, Sherwood Anderson, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg and many others. Of them all, only Sandburg has been able to make any sort of adjustment to modern industrial America; all the rest van-

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ished with the social situation which had given birth to their spirit.

For the second of my forces I pronounce the obituary with less assurance: the cultural individualism, liberal and humanistic, which Joseph Wood Krutch and others have called, briefly and well, "Europe." So many men, with Mr. Krutch as chief mourner and eulogist, are standing by its grave and calling out "It is not dead but sleeping" that evidently they still cherish hope of a resurrection. Yet even Mr. Krutch once cogently demonstrated that its devotees were reduced to "mocking their torn and divided souls." And indeed this tradition looks as irreparably shattered as Humpty-Dumpty. It has disintegrated into bohemianism, dada, futility and despair and sterile connoisseurship. Many of its followers have fled for refuge either to private fantasy or to the Roman Church. That any life should still cling to these pitiful fragments of a once great body looks improbable. As to why this disintegration has taken place, I suppose that Mr. Krutch gives the answer when he calls cultural individualism a luxury, a leisure-class affair, and that the economic system has tightened up to the point where the luxury can no longer be afforded. However that may be, the careers of Willa Cather and T. S. Eliot, to take only two instances, suffice to show what happened to recent Americans who chose the European road. They dwindled away as badly as the agrarians, and for the same reason: they all found themselves precipitated, as Miss Cather has recently pointed out, into an alien world.

No doubt many other traditions should be added to the chief two I have mentioned. But they all had two things in common: all were individualistic, and all are now bankrupt and exhausted. The naturalistic point of view, legacy of nineteenth-century science, especially of evolution, has vanished, even in its latest phase, Mr. Krutch's erstwhile "Modern Temper." "Psychological" literature, whether of inner fantasy or of streams-of-consciousness, has disappeared, save for the occasional batlike cheep of some unlaid ghost. The "native Americans," having retired first to regionalism and then to history, grow more and more remote and faint, listening to lonesome drums along the Mohawk. Critical realism and satire have said their say on the defects of American civilization. The enumeration might be continued indefinitely.

I list these movements not merely to note that they are gone, but to serve as a reminder of how rich, how very much richer, the literary scene was twenty years ago than it is today. The many points of view which then sometimes struggled and sometimes fused together had been long rooted in experience, long matured; they were not bare-boned theories but ample elaborations of the feelings and imaginings of generations. In short, in their time they were good traditions, and their irrelevance to the present should not make us forget that fact.

Nor should we forget the excellence of the writing to which they gave rise. To belong to history is no reproach; almost all the best writers belong there. We are inclined to make unreasonable demands on the immediate past. The early work of many writers is their best, and is not less good on that account. When I have spoken of certain authors dwindling away, it was as I might speak, say, of Melville, who dwindled away even more markedly. That he did so is nothing against "Moby Dick," and the later careers of their authors are nothing against "Jennie Gerhardt," "The Man Against the Sky," "Winesburg, Ohio," "North of Boston," "A Lost Lady," "The Emperor Jones" and "The Waste Land." A period when each of a dozen or more people turns out some half-dozen books of permanent value is no mean period in any literature. And The New Republic's own revaluations show that these books are as good today as we ever thought they were. But, with the individualism that informs them, they have moved back into the past. Their very merits testify to the weight of history behind them and to the fact that they marked the end of an era. This fact, if true, is important because it means that at present in literature it is not up to us to carry on anything, but to make a fresh start. It becomes all the more vital to see what the ruling forces are nowadays—where at the moment we find ourselves.

Well, we find ourselves in the doldrums—if a doldrum is a place where calms and squalls abound, and baffling winds prevent one from sailing across the Line. Confusing puffs of air still sometimes blow out of the temperate zone we have left. The Line we are all trying to cross is of course the equator which divides the individualistic world from the collective; the trouble seems to be that while society in the main has crossed over, even though its transit is far from completed, the corresponding transit of individuals' minds has barely begun. Both society and individuals are therefore full of conflicts with themselves and with each other. As a result even those writers who know where they want to go don't know how to get there—I mean, as writers. But one thing is sure, that not until they are able to ally themselves with forces active in the present world will they get anywhere at all.

II: The Present

Although literature today is in the doldrums, there are at least two groups of writers who are reacting as best they can to the new conditions of corporate society. As everybody knows, the literary movement of first importance in the '30's has been radical, revolutionary, Marxian, and even their opponents must admit that these people are trying to move on into the collective world and that they have leagued themselves with strong forces. Besides them, the only other movement of any consequence is the continuation, in changed forms, of what Mr. Cowley well called the "carnal mysticism" of 1911-29 —an attitude found then in Sherwood Anderson,

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Eugene O'Neill, Waldo Frank and many others, including its high priest, D. H. Lawrence. Mr. Cowley said: "Little by little it disappeared from the main current of American writing." I wish Mr. Cowley were right; but is he? Has it not rather developed and changed from hatred of reason and intellectuality, from exaltation of "thinking with one's blood," into a glorification of the inevitable results of such "blood-thinking": into a cult of mere power and force, a cult of cruelty with its correlative pain and suffering, into a general waving of "the torches of violence"? Consider Hemingway with his bull fights, Faulkner with his human horrors, Jeffers with his birds and beasts of prey. I know that no one of these men has carried the cult to its logical and appalling limits; but isn't it true that one of their less scrupulous disciples would have a first-class time at a good lynching? Nowadays no one can doubt the final outcome of this state of mind: the Nazis have made that too plain. Presumably none of the gentlemen I have mentioned means to be, or is, a fascist —indeed, quite probably in a crisis they will all be found fighting on the other side—but in their writing they have been prodding up the animals all the same.

Such then are the only two forces active in the literary scene, the only two responses so far to the new social situation. Compared to a quarter-century ago, the present literary field looks singularly bare and empty. Not only have we far fewer active traditions to rely on, but the two we have are still harsh and crude, still undeveloped, at least in American literature—like young plants newly set out, unrooted and ungrown in the experience of American writers. One may grant that the experience of American workers has always been Marxian, and also, unfortunately, that too much of the opposition to them has been what nowadays would be called fascist. But to our writers these matters are pretty much stark ideology. How long is needed for concepts to take root and grow, one can see by considering the concept of evolution in the nineteenth century: the new idea was adopted quickly enough, but only much later was it digested and assimilated to men's feelings, to their imagination and view of life.

Not that the two present movements have no links with the past. Both the American agrarianism and the European cultural individualism which I called dead did as a matter of fact pass on much of their vitality, though transmuted into collective forms. The rebellious spirit, the hatred of exploitation, the determination that every man shall have a chance, of the agrarians have gone into the radical movements. To them also has gone much, perhaps all, that was of value in the European tradition: the hatred of all that is dear to the "bourgeois," the insistence that human values and human development not only are more important than profits and private acquisition but are the very aim and end of life. On the other hand, the ferocious and nationalistic intolerance with which the old American way of life was defended and the bitter and snobbish class feeling which has been implicit throughout European culture might easily pass over to the "totalitarians." But in spite of these inheritances neither of the two main groups of present writers is yet sufficiently at home in the corporate world to do much good writing.

The immediate apparent advantage may lie with the fascistically inclined. The cult of blood-thinking, cruelty, violence and power has more links with the past, involves less novelty and change, than its adversary because it is essentially conservative and anti- (yes, or counter-) revolutionary. But since blood-thinking means really no-thinking, unconsciousness, "bestial oblivion" and death of the mind, this cult seems headed toward inevitable silence. Surely it cannot produce much literature, for literature is by nature an elaboration of thought and consciousness. Unawareness, stultification, insensibility, annihilation—these are after all monotonous and mute. In Jeffers and Faulkner a literature infatuated with death has gone into its frantic death flurry.

The ultimate advantage must lie with the radicals. So far from forswearing intelligence and knowledge, they use all they can get; it is all grist to their mill. Their world is not contracting but expanding, and so are their minds along with it. Instead of propping up a decayed edifice or idly chronicling its collapse, they have faith that they are helping build a fresh and sounder structure. They are on the side of life, of awareness and sensibility; no limits are set to the possibilities of their development. Furthermore, in socialist thought they have behind them a great European intellectual tradition. Yet they too are temporarily laboring under notorious difficulties as writers; they too are in the doldrums.

Most of them are recent converts, with all a convert's weaknesses as well as his zeal. They grew up saturated with individualism. They fatally neglected to get themselves born among the workers with whom their sympathies now lie. Their earlier literary passions are likely to have been Proust, Joyce, T. S. Eliot. As a consequence they are strong in enthusiasm and theory, but correspondingly weak in experience, and they pour their new wine into inappropriate old bottles because those are the only bottles they have. As has so often been pointed out, they are beginners, primitives, fumbling for a new mode of expression, like the English dramatists before Marlowe, like most of the Romantic poets before Wordsworth.

Yet, contrary to common belief, I think their fundamental difficulty has to do, not with style and technique, but with subject matter. Granted their radical viewpoint, of whom or of what are they to write? Not of themselves or of others as isolated individuals, for unlike the subjectivists they are little concerned with their own or other people's unique and private mental processes and fantasies; the subjective strain has temporarily gone out. I say "tem-

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porarily" because some day no doubt, with a better understanding of the individual mind as a function of the social group, it will return. Unlike the regionalists, again, they are not interested in quaint survivals of the past, or in history as a thing of the past. To be sure, history reinterpreted in terms of the present might be made to yield much, but so far the radicals have preferred to make a direct attack on the center of their own time.

In middle-class life they have to date found their richest material. Their best plays and novels have dealt with that class: Odets' "Awake and Sing!," Dos Passos' trilogy, Josephine Herbst's "The Executioner Waits." But excellent as much of this writing is, especially Miss Herbst's, isn't the decline and corruption of the middle class a somewhat limited theme? By nature it is negative, and pathetic rather than tragic: the struggle of people to keep things never much worth having; their sufferings because they cannot keep up appearances; or the rotting of personality in them if they prostitute themselves and prosper. And of course only these phases of the middle class interest the radicals. A somewhat different subject, and one richer in promise, is to be found in the relations between the middle class and the workers—in the shift of individuals, that is, from one class to the other. Stories such as that of Dos Passos' Charley Anderson, a good mechanic ruined by "the big money," have great latent possibilities. The corresponding change from the middle class to the radical or proletarian has been by no means exhausted; it has been but barely touched in the plays "Waiting for Lefty" and "Peace on Earth," and among the minor characters of Miss Herbst's novel. So long as our writers commonly have middle-class backgrounds, they are likely to find their best material in these subjects.

From such considerations the question of the farmer ought not to be omitted. Hamlin Garland's "Main Traveled Roads" might well be traveled again. Since he wrote, nearly fifty years ago, we have had little incisive treatment of farm life. Of late the countless sagas of the soil have been getting more and more idyllic, while the actuality (except for relief measures) has been getting grimmer and grimmer. Here is more significant drama and more moving tragedy than in the decline of the middle class; here is a chance for the radicals, the potentialities of which Miss Herbst has already made plain in a few brief but superb episodes. So many writers have grown up on farms that they ought to be well equipped for this task.

But of course all the radicals want to write about the workers—if only they knew how. And they are right in their wish, for here is the great unworked material; here is strong meat, for anyone who can assimilate it. But it is just here that writers' troubles with experience, theory and technique come to a head. The chief obstacle is that so few of them belong to the proletariat. Perhaps they can make up for this deficiency by deliberate effort and by imagination; Dos Passos, for instance, succeeded with his IWW typesetter, Mac, in "The Forty-Second Parallel." But unless a novelist can somehow absorb the necessary experience until it is wholly part of himself, he had better not try to write proletarian novels, for neither his theories nor his technique will help him. The reason is that both the theory and the form must emerge from the material itself. But in most "proletarian" literature the style seems to be laid on from the outside and to fit badly, as in Joycean or Proustian studies of lumberjacks and longshoremen; and the whole work looks devised to exemplify general ideas, as in old-fashioned Sunday-school tracts. Yet I have confidence enough in radical theories to believe that they will be found implicit in the facts if honestly presented; and I am sure that form and style can be pretty much left to take care of themselves.

In his esthetic parable of the axe-helve, Robert Frost pointed out that

> the lines of a good helve
> Were native to the grain before the knife
> Expressed them, and its curves were no false curves
> Put on it from without. And there its strength lay
> For the hard work.

So it is with a story or a play. A writer sufficiently possessed by an absorbed experience need only be true to it. A notion is abroad that none of the technical achievements of bourgeois fiction must be allowed to lapse; but could anything be falser? Every new kind of art demands a new kind of expression growing out of the new substance and point of view. It requires a genuine fresh start, a sort of "return to nature," a going back to beginnings.

That is why I deplore any idea that present writers should try to continue the tradition or travel the road followed in 1911-29. On the contrary, they need to begin at scratch—at the original facts—and at first to be not too ambitious. Our minds are still so far on the individualistic side of the line that divides us from collectivism that it is too early for panoramic treatments of masses and classes. What we need is plain, simple, direct writing about individual American workers—their typical lives will bring in enough of the "corporate" and "collective" —bald and rough in style if necessary, but at least authentic and unvarnished and not "literary." During the World War in an army hospital I heard my fellow patients tell such stories by the hundreds, and they were better stories than any proletarian literature I have yet seen. The tellers weren't worrying about their narrative technique; they didn't mean to be "Marxian," and were on that account all the more effectively so. They merely told what they and other people had said and done. Here was the elemental stuff of their experience in their own words. It needed only pruning and compression to be literature. A writer who could begin at this point could give American literature the impetus it needs to get out of the doldrums.

T. K. Whipple.

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Maury Maverick: A Portrait

SINCE Maury Maverick comes from one of the most famous families in the history of the West, and from the heart of the Texas cow country as well, his personal appearance, the first time you see him, is apt to be something of a surprise. Without anticipating a Tom Mix or a William S. Hart or the currently popular singing cowboy Mr. Dick Foran, one might justifiably expect a Maverick—of the Texas Mavericks—not to be on the chubby side. That's the side he's on, however, big-boned and full-cheeked, with a curving waistline that is begining to crease over his belt. His waistline does not disturb him (though it disturbs his wife) for he is convinced that by the time this session of Congress is over it will have diminished considerably. This seems reasonable enough because he has already lost seventeen pounds, without benefit of any exercise whatsoever. He works, as any of his colleagues will tell you, like a horse—a brewery horse: one of those Percherons that used to pull the shined-up wagon in the Fourth of July parade.

There is much about him that suggests a Percheron: that feeling of rugged, untiring energy, for instance. He works on an average of from twelve to fourteen hours a day—and, as if his congressional duties were not enough, he is constantly taking on other jobs. Right now he is writing a book, suffering all the pangs of authorship. He pecks on his typewriter until one or two o'clock in the morning and, seeing him on the floor of the House the next day, or leading a conference in his office, you wonder how he manages to keep going.

Since most Representatives look like small-town lawyers, druggists, bookkeepers (and many of them are), it means nothing to say that Maverick does not look like a Congressman. It may be said, however—which is not to be said of most of his companions—that Washington has not brushed off on him at all. Back in San Antonio he used to be a lumberman and it is harder to stop acting like a lumberman than it is to start acting like a Congressman. This combination of accidents—being a lumberman in the cow country—has given him more than his share of bluffness: the quality, not of hemannishness, which is something invented by writers like Harold Bell Wright, but of the rough give-and-take characteristic of the ranch house and the lumber camp. This bluffness, the immediate impression he gives of being what Broadway calls a "right" guy, has made him one of the best vote-getters in Texas—especially among the Mexicans. Maverick calls them, almost sentimentally, "my Mexicans": and they, not so sentimentally, talk about him as "our Maverick." If Maverick knows who his friends are, he also knows his enemies. He gives them no quarter, but neither does he hate them. "Of course the Country Club crowd and the oil crowd are against me" he says. "Why shouldn't they be against me? They'd be fools if they weren't. I'm against them."

Maverick moves clumsily, and walks with an uncertain, almost rolling gait, but this is the result of a laminectomy that he likes to call one of the most sensational operations in the history of American surgery. It also left him with a seven-inch scar that runs down from the base of his skull. His eleven-year-old daughter, Terrilita, says he is very proud of it. The laminectomy, which is an operation on the spinal cord, had to be performed because of the riddling Maverick's body took when he was commanding a company in the Argonne. He came back from France with the scars of eight different wounds, one of them a hole in his shoulder big enough to put your fist in, three medals, a few pieces of shrapnel that he still carries around, and a bitter, relentless, impassioned hatred of war. He also remembers the way war smells, and the grotesque postures of the violently slain, and a friend who was haunted by the ghosts of five bayoneted Germans until he went mad. He knows the forces that operate to make wars, and the class that profits by war, but his pacificism, fundamentally, is more of an emotional than an intellectual conviction.

As much as he hates war, he hates fascism even more. He sees in fascism the end of all social and human dignity and insists it must not happen here. He would not, however, involve the United States in any alien anti-fascist crusade. He thinks it would be easy to sell this country another war to save something—perhaps Democracy again—and thus involve us in a new European conflict. He thinks that if we get into another war, for whatever reason, we will risk the danger of domestic fascism. "If European civilization has to end it has to end," he says. "I know many people will criticize me for feeling the way I do, but I don't think it's our job to save Europe. Our job is to save the United States."

When Maverick talks about something in which he is interested, like neutrality, he becomes very intense. He talks, it might be added, a great deal. He is a good talker, with an easy command of profanity, and talks *at* you, directly, instead of just in your general direction the way most people do. His speech is full of slang and Americanisms, which he uses without any mental quotation marks, and he is scornful of the borrowed words and phrases that clutter up the radical vocabulary. One of his best stories is about what happened when Rex Tugwell tried to explain a few things about the New Deal to a crowd of Westerners.

"Rex kept using all those big words—he kept talking about nodules—and just by looking at the

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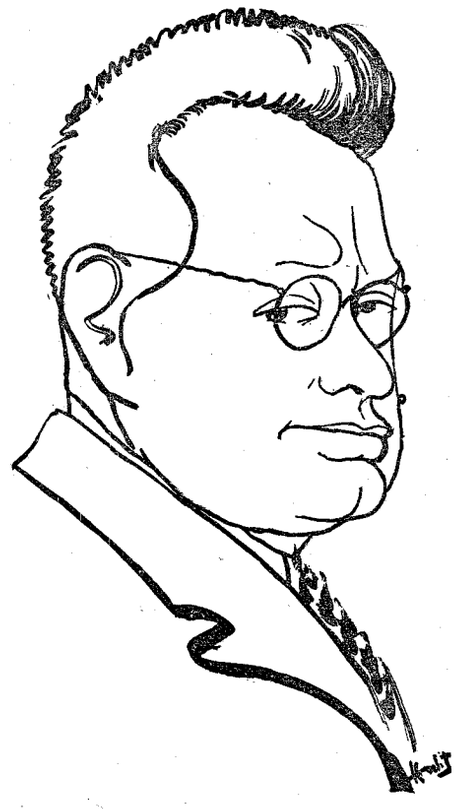
crowd I could tell he wasn't getting over. Rex had a lot to say and it was a good speech. The only trouble was that nobody understood it. By God, I didn't understand it myself!"

Maverick interjects many questions into his conversations, which must be answered, and it is quite possible that this is his way of making sure your attention does not stray. He listens almost as well as he talks but if you play his game and ask him questions, he is likely to take the bone of conversation into his own teeth and run off with it again.

He talks a great deal about his ancestors. Washington is noted for its inhabitants who have ancestors—it is surprising how many minor politicians were born in log cabins of parents who were direct descendants of George Washington, Lighthorse Harry Lee and Thomas Jefferson—but Maverick can play this game with the best of them. He seems to have a corner on most of the lesser heroes in American history.



MAURY MAVERICK

Maury's famous grandfather, old Sam Maverick, one of the signers of the Texas Declaration of Independence and the man who gave the word "maverick" its dictionary meaning, is only one of them. Also included in his genealogy, among various others, are the explorers Lewis and Clark, and the historic Judge Lynch whose abuses of authority gave rise to the expression "lynch law." Unlike most people with ancestors, however, Maverick sets them up merely to shoot them down. He takes considerable pleasure, for instance, in pointing out that the first Lynch to come to his country (the father of the Judge) was sold on his arrival to the highest bidder as an indentured servant. Ancestors, he contends, are a lot of bunk. "They were people just like us," he says. "They came here because of economic pressure back home. People go abroad to see where their ancestors came from and some guide shows them a castle where an old lord lived. They think their ancestor was the lord. He wasn't. Their ancestor was the guy who took a potshot at the lord and had to get out of the country."

His connection with the original Judge Lynch is interesting because he is the only Southern Congressman to go on record as favoring the passage of the federal anti-lynching law. His position is extremely simple. "I want that law passed because I don't want Negroes to get lynched." There was much comment in the press when he first declared himself in favor of the bill, but so far he has not received a single letter of complaint. He has, on the contrary, received numerous expressions of approval—most of which, it is to be happily noted, came from people in the South. Whether his lead will be followed by other Southern Representatives and Senators is questionable, but, dropping the role of informal biographer for a moment, I would like to call the above facts to their attention. Being honorable and decent, gentlemen, may not cost you as many votes as you think.

Maverick was born in San Antonio and likes to have it understood that he isn't one of those Congressmen who were born in log cabins. "I was born in a rock house—a big rock house." He is forty-one years old and was the eleventh and youngest child of Albert and Jane Maverick. It is possible that from his mother (recently, at the age of seventy-two, she began painting) Maverick gets his interest—somewhat astonishing in a Congressman—in art and letters. It might be pointed out, for the benefit of the cynical who are used to politicians who develop peculiar interests as soon as they get into the papers, that Maverick has been collecting examples of Mexican art, and reading voluminously, since his lumberman days.

Mexico, I think, has been more important in shaping Maverick's political philosophy than anything else. San Antonio is one of those cities, New Orleans is another, where exiled South and Central American revolutionaries—particularly the Mexican ones—used to come, and perhaps still come, to organize and finance new revolutions. As a boy in San Antonio, Maverick used to see these Mexicans —small dark men, generally, very polite, yet always intense and mysterious—conversing on the benches in the square or walking shoulder to shoulder in the hot yellow sunlight. Then they would disappear, the Mexican quarters would be full of rumors, a few days later a new revolution would break out below the Rio Grande. The revolution would fail or succeed and the dark mysterious men with their perfect manners would either return to San Antonio, if they were still alive, or else be heard of as the leaders of a new Mexican government. The idea of governmental change, even of revolution, is therefore not new or strange to Maverick. He grew up with it. It is the core of all his political beliefs.

Putting Maverick into any particular political frame is almost impossible. He simply won't fit. He believes that a large number of key industries should be owned by the government, but he is not a social-

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ist. Smeared as a Red during the last campaign, he is anything but a communist. He disagrees with the communist concept of government and thinks, furthermore, that communism is alien both to the temperament and psychology of the American people. He would probably have to be listed, if any listing is necessary, as a left progressive—following, in a general way, the line established by the elder La Follette and Senator George Norris: whom he considers, incidentally, the greatest living American.

"The most important change in our national life," he says, "is the difference with which men have come to regard private property. The average American is beginning to realize that only by the protection of certain common rights—in politics and in the general national resources—can he hope to retain his civil liberty and his own property.

"We have to work out our own destiny and we have to work it out in our own way. There are a lot of things that have to be done and we have to do them. We can't look to Europe for any solution. It's simply up to us."

He has a knack for putting things simply and the way he states his political philosophy is this, in five short words:

"Let's do what it takes."

HAMILTON BASSO.

A Foreign Volunteer in Spain

IT TOOK me nearly four months to get out to Spain. Between August, when I first made up my mind to go, and November, when I actually left, I was asking my friends how it could be done, trying to collect my fare, wondering if I would be taken on. I see from certain papers in England that we were all doped into going out: it is a tribute to those responsible that their "dope" not only lasted so long, but increased its efficiency with time. Most of us seemed to expect that we would go to the front immediately, and our reception at Barcelona confirmed this opinion.

Some two hundred volunteers, including the first fourteen members of the new Anglo-Irish Battalion which was to come, we were met at the station by a huge crowd, with a band and banners flying. It reminded us of the great London demonstration when the First Medical Aid Unit left from Victoria. We marched in procession through the streets, which were lined with cheering crowds. We felt proud in those moments to represent England among the democrats of the world.

The procession was held up, and we looked around at the cheerful, friendly faces of the Spaniards. Two men, who had been drinking in an open-air café beside us, caught our eyes, and smiled. Then they both got up and hurried over to us, carrying their beer, which they passed around for us to finish off while they shook us each fervently by the hand.

We moved straight on to Albacete, and we were thoroughly tired when we arrived. We felt cold, and rather lonely. Everyone around us seemed to have uniforms and know the language except ourselves. We leaned heavily on the one man who seemed sure in the uncertain new world in which we found ourselves. Whenever we had any difficulty, we always asked, "Where's Ralph Fox?" When later we heard that he had been killed, we stood around a moment in silence: there seemed nothing left to say.

We soon realized that at first we would have to shift for ourselves. This wasn't easy. Coming mostly from a class that has always had explicit orders from the employer, which must be obeyed without question or thought, we had now to learn to make our own plans, be our own leaders. But having grasped this, we went ahead quickly. Harry Rawson and Fred Nokes, two ex-servicemen, were elected our leader and instructor. We had a grand first parade: Fred shouted "'Shun!" and a voice from the back asked "What does that mean?" But we had the right spirit. We knew that sometime, perhaps tomorrow, perhaps in a month, we would go up to the front: and we wanted to be prepared for tomorrow. In the meantime we were attached to a French battalion. Rifles appeared. Machine guns, and those who knew how to use them. Marches....

Many evenings were spent in the company of the Spaniards. We were often invited out to supper. I remember my first invitation. I had gone to the shoemaker to have my boots cleaned. As I was sitting waiting for them to be finished, one of the many workers put his hands to his mouth and made curious signs. It took me a moment to understand him. He was asking if it was I who played the flageolet (I had brought one with me, which became well known in the village). I laughed and produced it; he played it very well. We "talked," mostly with our fingers. I found he was the village band leader and could play many instruments. Then came a more familiar sign: he was putting his hands to his mouth. And so I got my first invitation to supper.

These were always gay affairs, in spite of language difficulties. We usually went without lunch that day, for they were rather hurt if we did not eat all they gave us. Invariably, too, they produced a very good wine and insisted on filling our water-bottles with it before we went.

The Spaniards were always like this. We English found their friendship rather embarrassing, it was so warmly spontaneous. Once, when I spent two days in hospital with a slight fever, a friend of

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mine, Patsy, went out and told a Spanish friend. The next morning they both came to see me, the Spaniard carrying a pail of hot milk from his own goats. They would stop us in the street and ask if we had any clothes that needed washing, and would never hear of taking payment for it. Some of them were making us banners and scarves, inscribed and embroidered. Whenever we moved, we left many friends behind.

Then, quite suddenly, we were told we were going up to the front. We were given rifles, steel helmets and gear. We packed into lorries, into a train. We left. . . .

II

We lay exhausted in the sun. It had been a long night's journey, with heavy packs to carry, and now we had a moment's rest in the village. We lay down on the broad grass plot by the side of the road, and watched the steady stream of refugees file slowly past us. The women rode on the burros, which were packed high with all their possessions, and the men plodded wearily on in front. Occasionally one of them would stop and tell us what he thought of the fascists who had taken his village, ruined his life. Children moved with the lifeless gait of the old.

We got our ammunition, took the guns and filed over the long hills to where we could hear heavy firing. I had a rifle over my shoulder, a pack, a blanket and a thousand rounds of ammunition. It was southern Spain and the sun was hot. Straggling over the hills, my load was more than I could carry. Then Tony, the best friend a man could want and as strong as an ox, came up to me and took some of my ammunition. Later he gave it back, and took someone else's, and so he ran around, first helping one, then another, as we marched on into the hills.

Lorries came up, and we scrambled in. The brakes could hardly hold them on the hills, and the last of us had to scramble in while they were moving. We scratched ourselves on the branches that were the camouflage, and sat on each other's rifles.

Suddenly an airplane came up, and we rushed for the trees. One of us, in the middle, was too slow, and so we lost our first man.

The noise of the heavy artillery got louder and louder, and we soon heard rifles and machine guns. We entered an olive grove, and took up positions under cover of trees. They had told me about shells, the noise they made when they were close, how to take cover. I heard one come over. I crouched with head down behind a tree. I heard the whrrr as it fell beside me, and a shower of earth fell on my head. I saw where it had buried itself within a few feet of me: it was a dud. That was my first shell.

We soon had plenty. On the side of a hill, on the fringe of a great olive grove, our machine-gun section took up its position. We formed up into small groups, and took a tree each. Our guns were hardly placed, when with the sun came the shells. They shrieked overhead, then a whrrr, an explosion, and the earth falling on top of us. The first shell was a direct hit. And the next. And the next. . . .

Head down behind a tree as a shell came over. Dirt. Up again to see where it had gone. The tree on our right was hit. Then behind us—that was Tony's tree. Down for another shell. Up to watch the smoke rising just in front of us: a lucky one.

Down. Up. Down. Up. Everyone right on top of us. Thirty-five to forty killed. We wondered how they had got our range.

I watched the English company take a hill across the valley. I saw the small point on the great open turf rise, scatter, advance. They reached the top. Airplanes came over, dropped bombs, machine-gunned them. They held their ground. They took good cover from the enemy in the village below them, but there was no cover from the air. As I watched the planes circling around them, I waited for our own to arrive. But they never did. Then slowly I realized that we had none: that a committee of so-called "non-intervention" in London prevented our buying any. So we had to watch our comrades die, watch the chances of immediate victory slip slowly away, hold ground as best we could, defenseless against the merciless machine-gunning from the air.

There were many in the Anglo-Irish company who were under fire for the first time. We were afraid that they could never stand the strain of so heavy an attack, that soon they must break. But they never did. When their position was untenable, they retired, and then attacked again. Four times they were driven from the hill; four times they retook it. They made a night attack right up to the village. Had there been any support from behind, they would have taken that, too.

But there was no support. The companies behind failed to move. We were waiting for orders, which never came. At one time my own company commander strongly protested to the Commandant of the battalion, who threatened him with a revolver. We accepted his authority, bewildered.

Then I met a man who was hurrying up to the front as fast as he could. He asked the way to headquarters, and explained that he, as an observer, was reporting that one company was firing into another. We were fighting each other. We felt cheated. We knew we had fought better than could have been expected of us, and now it seemed that the leadership was letting us down. We thought. . . . One company shooting another, the Anglo-Irish company left without support, the French machine-gunners shelled out of hand—put on the spot! We looked at our rifles: old and rusty. One man claimed to have exploded three in five minutes: and we knew there were good ones to be had. We thought. . . .

My section was destroyed and my gun put out of action. I was coming back, running from tree to tree, when I met another Englishman, bending over a wounded Frenchman. He was only a boy, nineteen years old, and badly hurt. He had a bullet through the shoulder, another in his foot, and one in the

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lung. He could hardly move. We tried to carry him, but it was too painful, so we walked back. It was a long way to the ambulances, and there was no stretcher. After a little while, he asked, "Is it far?" and we said, "It is rather." It was two miles. He said no more, only walked patiently, trying occasionally to smile. When at last we arrived, he turned to us, and with an effort put his arms around us in an embrace. A week later he died.

We turned back to get more wounded, and came upon a company of Spaniards. They hailed us, and called us over. They were just going into attack, and were terribly enthusiastic. They shook us by the hand, and offered us cigarettes. We accepted gladly, and they must have seen from our appearance that we were hungry, for one of them jumped up, and searched in his pockets for something to eat. He gave it to us, spoke to his friends, and they spoke to the others, until we had them all hunting for more food. They handed us their water-bottles, and when we had drunk all we wanted, they took our own and filled them for us. This certainly was the last word in generosity: we had been unable to fill our bottles for three days, and they were not likely to be any better off. We sat and smoked a moment, and felt very refreshed. We couldn't say very much, but we would suddenly look up and just smile, and they would smile back and talk to the others. They showed us their rifles, which had no place for a bayonet, and we showed them ours, which were very old, and then we had to go back. They insisted on filling our pockets with cigarettes before we left. We had hardly been there ten minutes, but we were as refreshed by their spirit as if we had been out of the lines a whole week.

Coming back, we met the food carriers going up to the front line. They had great buckets of food, which took two of them to carry. We went on ahead, and took shelter as the shells got too close. At one part, where a sniper was covering us, we ran from tree to tree. And while resting like this under cover, I looked back and saw the food carriers coming slowly along the path, oblivious of shells and bullets, swinging heavily up to the men in front.

That evening, about sunset, we heard shouts far down the road, cries, and the sound of people running. It was the Spanish company going into attack. We were tired, but our strength came back as we heard their thrilling, courageous cheers.

They moved us into the second line that night, I having rejoined the Anglo-Irish company. We were thoroughly exhausted, but before we slept, we tried to make some sort of rough shelter from shrapnel and air attack. We camouflaged the guns and our blankets with branches, and made small barricades out of earth which we picked up with our hands. We had no spades, or we might have made better trenches. Then we crowded together under our tree, shared our blankets and tried to keep warm enough in groups of two or three to get some sleep.

But in spite of our tiredness, we got very little, and we were hardly refreshed for the activities of the next morning. For hours the sound of shells going over drove all thoughts from our minds: and we woke slowly through a stupor of noise. Soon the order came to attack, and we were on our feet in a moment. We moved forward. Hardly had I gone fifty yards when I heard the familiar whrrr of a shell falling close. This one wasn't a dud: and I woke up in hospital three days later.

The first question I asked when I realized I wasn't dead was:

"The Commandant?"

"He's where you came near going."

"Then he was a fascist?"

"They caught him coming back at night from the fascist lines. He's been shot."

"God! Then they had our range when he placed us on that hill?"

"Looks like it. It'll take a long time to weed out all the military spies they planted during the months they planned this rebellion."

I had nothing to do but listen to talk for weeks. I heard how the Italians on our side had proved themselves such great fighters, and we compared this with their reputation in the Great War. We realized that our own volunteers were a far better type than an imperialist army could hope to find.

We discussed General Queipo de Llano's by now famous broadcast, in which he said, "Three militia girls to every Moor: what a time we're having!" We wondered at such degeneracy, but noted that Franco still kept this man in a position of authority.

We heard of the Moorish prisoners, and how they were coming over to our side. We were glad every time they were taken prisoner, for we knew that they were great fighters and, could they only be made to understand the real position, would soon come to us.

Then the Americans arrived. There was great excitement in the hospital that day, and I heard the cheers in the streets as they passed. They had come all equipped and trained, and made a great impression. We felt the spirit of victory grow ever stronger as they passed, and knew that with the whole world behind us, we could never lose.

As I finally left Spain for England, I met some Americans who were going in. A young fellow about my own size came up and started speaking, and we told him about the Brigade. He was enthusiastic. Then, during the conversation, I mentioned that the clothes I had were the best I could find, and that my own were somewhere in Albacete, quite inaccessible. He looked puzzled.

"You mean, when we get our uniforms, we leave our own clothes?"

"All in one huge pile!"

"Then there's no chance of finding them when you come back?"

"Not very much."

"Oh, well, then," he said, "you'd better take mine. They're better than those." And he changed suits with me on the spot.

BARRINGTON RYERSON.

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Washington Notes

The Wagner-Steagall Housing Bill—Mr. Morgenthau and Mr. Ickes Pick Flaws—Voters Should Work for a Housing Program

THE Wagner-Steagall low-cost-housing bill, hearings on which began this week, badly needs articulate popular support. Unless voters start writing their Congressmen, the bill is almost certainly going to have its heart cut out before it reaches enactment. What threatens it is not so much the real-estate lobbyists, although they are dangerous enough, as the administration's own quarreling experts.

The administration, I believe, sincerely wants a low-cost-housing program. It is reported that Mr. Roosevelt would like to leave a great achievement in workers' housing as a monument. But, while everyone in the administration is in favor of housing, there the agreement ends. Mr. Roosevelt's central housing committee, composed of representatives of a half-dozen departments and agencies, has been in existence for the better part of three years and so far has chiefly produced a splendid crop of undying personal animosities.

The most dangerous single opponent of the Wagner-Steagall bill is probably Mr. Morgenthau. He is in favor of housing, enthusiastically so. But he is also reported to feel that the Wagner-Steagall bill, in its financial provisions, is little short of scandalous. In particular, he is reported to oppose the bill's subsidy provisions.

Summarily stated, the Wagner-Steagall bill is a billion-dollar, four-year housing program. The federal government would be empowered to make loans of $200,000,000 the first year, $250,000,000 the second and third years and $300,000,000 the last year. If need be, these loans could be made up to the total cost of an approved project, and all would be for sixty years. In addition, the federal government could pledge annual subsidies to pay for a part of maintenance costs. These subsidies would likewise run for sixty years, and new subsidies could be allotted in the amount of $10,000,000 each year.

The scheme would work something like this: Mr. Langdon Post, New York City's housing commissioner, would submit plans for, let us say, a multiple-dwelling project with a first cost of $10,000,000. This sum would be lent him at an interest rate fixed by the Treasury. As soon as the project was completed, he would be given a subsidy sufficient to enable him to charge genuinely low rents—rents of $4 or $5 per room per month. The maximum subsidy he could obtain would be roughly $350,000 a year, and the government would stand obligated to pay this sum annually until 1997.

The Treasury has a low opinion of this final provision for subsidies. Its officials, as I understand them, regard it as wicked and unpatriotic, and inimical to sound morals and religion. They point out the subsidies would more than pay the carrying charges on the loans made to local housing authorities, so that, in effect, the government would be lending money for nothing, with a small bonus thrown in besides. If the government should grant subsidies up to $10,000,000 each year for the next sixty years, they say, the total commitment would be only slightly less than the present national debt.

The answer to the Treasury, according to the bill's advocates, is easy. Unless the government has it in mind to attack the present costs of urban land, construction and building materials, it is going to pay out plenty before it gets low-cost housing. Under the Wagner-Steagall bill, the government would actually get low-cost housing—housing that families with $1,000 annual incomes could live in—and would get it in a hurry. The subsidy plan, moreover, at least has the virtue of being entirely frank. The country would know, each year, exactly how much tribute it was paying to the vested interests of real estate, and the vested interests in the construction and building-material industries.

As a long-time public-housing program, this writer himself thinks very little of the Wagner-Steagall bill. I would, indeed, be ready to spot Mr. Morgenthau anything up to, say, six flaws in an open flaw-picking contest. But none of the bill's advocates, so far as I know, pretends that it is a final solution. The big-city slum today constitutes an emergency, just as the Ohio River flood last January constituted one. The advocates of the bill say that you don't haggle over pennies in relieving a flood, and that you ought not to in wiping out a slum. If the bill is passed at the present session, a billion dollars' worth of low-cost housing will be under construction or finished by 1941; if it isn't passed, it won't be.

If Mr. Morgenthau is clearly against the Wagner-Steagall bill, another Cabinet officer, Mr. Ickes, is no more than lukewarm toward it. Mr. Ickes, as head of the PWA, has been a house-builder himself. Apparently Mr. Ickes and his two advisers on housing matters, Colonel H. B. Hackett and Mr. A. R. Clas, feel that the bill makes insufficient obeisance to the PWA's experience and achievements.

Under the law governing its operations, the PWA was not permitted to grant subsidies. It could make grants-in-aid of 45 percent of the first cost of site and construction, and that was all. The result has been that the rent for the PWA's Harlem River House in New York City, according to a recent announcement, will be set at $7 per room per month, plus a fairly stiff charge for heat, hot water, electricity and gas. This means the apartments are beyond the reach of persons who do not average close to $1,800 a year.

Instead of admitting partial defeat, however, PWA officials defend their housing as a mother defends a dim-witted child. They have received more than 11,000 applications for the 574 apartments of Harlem River Homes. A great need exists, they say, for the type of housing that can be built with a 45-percent capital grant. Since this need exists, why should not the government continue the PWA type of program, instead of letting itself be bamboozled into the far greater expenditures of the Wagner-Steagall subsidies? The obvious reply of the Wagner-Steagall bill's advocates is that more than half of American working-class families cannot afford to pay $7 a room without stinting themselves on food, clothing and medical care, and must have housing at $4 and $5 a room.

The Wagner-Steagall bill's advocates are mean-tongued enough to suggest that the PWA officials are chiefly worried about their jobs. A year or so ago, it was generally believed that whenever Congress could be brought to establish a comprehensive housing program, its execution would be entrusted to the PWA personnel. It is now fairly certain that a wholly new personnel will be recruited, primarily because the PWA experts have not produced low-cost housing

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that was genuinely low-cost. Mr. Ickes himself has the special grievance that, under the Brownlow plan of government reorganization, housing will apparently be taken away from the Interior and handed to the Treasury.

A housing bill of some sort will probably pass at the present session. A federal housing authority will almost certainly be created. There is great risk, however, that it will not have authority to grant money on sufficiently liberal terms to make possible a large-scale program. Almost the whole outside support for housing at present comes from Mayor LaGuardia of New York City and his Housing Commissioner, Mr. Langdon Post, together with the extremely militant A. F. of L. housing group under Miss Catherine Bauer. If this writer may venture the advice, the voters who are now writhing in theological sweats over the Constitution could profitably turn their energies to obtaining a housing program. Particularly, I should like to urge those who can do so to visit the Resettlement Administration's three greenbelt towns near Cincinnati, Milwaukee and Washington, and see what planned community housing might be.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Consistency, Thou Art a Jewel—Famous About-Faces of Men and Parties—The Devil Brought up to Date

THE Supreme Court controversy may go down in history as the orgy of inconsistencies. For the i-dotters and t-crossers on both sides have been busy raking through the past utterances of statesmen, bringing to light their several denunciations of the positions they now occupy. Poor Senator Ashurst got the worst of this, but he was not the only one. And as for the President, it is always an easy matter, no matter what position he takes on any subject save navalism, to go back a few years, and sometimes a few months, and find him on the other side. No other man in public life has had so extensive a career as a traveler through all the continents of opinion, since he has been on both sides of almost every question that has arisen in his day.

It is only twenty-seven years ago that the Democrats were denouncing the proposal of the Republicans to hold the Philippines and rule them outside the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence and the Republicans were replying patronizingly that the nation had grown, had indeed become a great world power and that the Constitution and Declaration framed by the Founders for a little nation of thirteen simple colonies was no longer suited to the expanding needs of a great empire. And when the Republicans passed a law imposing a tariff upon lemons coming from Puerto Rico, the Democrats said this was a shameful abandonment of the Constitution, as there could be no duties on products moving from one part of United States territory to another. "The Constitution follows the flag" was the slogan. And when the law was passed it was the Democrats who fled to the Supreme Court as the ark of the covenant of our fundamental liberties. I regret to recall that the Supreme Court failed them.

Was it not the Wall Street bankers in 1912 who went to the wars to beat down the attempt of the wicked Carter Glass who was trying to curb the power of the rightful rulers of American finance with the Federal Reserve bill? And was it not the bankers who in 1935 went to the wars again to defend as their sacred bulwark the same Federal Reserve System which they had so denounced when Wilson fought for it?

Strangest of all, perhaps, is the blast of angry hatred let loose upon the Court when it reversed itself on the minimum-wage law. It is forgotten that when the Court in times past was holding minimum-wage laws unconstitutional, organized labor was declaiming that minimum-wage laws were attempts of well-meaning boobs to enslave labor by reducing all workers to the pauper level. The Court has changed its views on the constitutionality of the law and labor has changed its views on the economic validity of the law. Thus the heresy of today becomes the orthodoxy of tomorrow and the philosophy of the past becomes the folly of the present.

Back around the turn of the century the states were pursuing the trust barons cruelly, while the central government, under the benign piloting of Mark Hanna and his merry men, treated the trusts with fatherly benevolence. And so the Rockefellers and Archbolds and their lawyers and politician friends declared the whole subject of incorporation should be in the hands of the federal government. But the trusts have learned that it is safer to commit their fortunes to the states. So now the former trust-busters demand federal incorporation while the trust lawyers declare this would be a violation of our fundamental rights.

I can look back over many years of Democrats crying out in Congress against the wicked Republicans for lying down on the anti-trust laws and trying to weaken them through legislation. And now the same Democrats have suspended the anti-trust laws, a thing Republicans would like to have done but did not dare do for decades.

I can hear now the voices of the Democratic stalwarts indicting the Republicans for trying to put over shipping-subsidy laws while Mark Hanna led the battle for opening the barrel to the shipowners. But in good time it was a Democratic President in a Democratic revolution who invited the shipping men into the Treasury to help themselves upon a scale never even dreamed of by the Republicans.

Not least among these many apostacies is the manner in which the parties have swapped positions upon the whole philosophy of constitutional interpretation. For over a century the Democratic Party had been the champion of what is called "strict construction," while the Republicans talked of "implied powers," of liberal construction, the need for a strong central government, of "expanding and developing powers" of the government. But now it is the Republicans who have thrown themselves before the sacred instrument and defy the Democrats to touch a syllable of its immortal and changeless terms, while the Democrats are for liberalizing the ancient document through presidential ukase.

The whole extravaganza comes down to this, that politicians are divided into idealists and opportunists, into men of principles and men of objectives; that most of them are opportunists and that as their respective interests change and the need for shifting their strategies changes, they change their stands upon any question of principle. When

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the Democratic ox is being gored the Constitution is its refuge and the Supreme Court its savior. When the Republican ox is being gored, it runs for the same shelter and rescuer. Thus the Constitution, like the puck in hockey, flies back and forth between the teams, the precious possession of whichever side is trying to make the goal.

And the same observation might be made of all the great truths of history. And an old rhyme might be changed to fit the case, to the effect that when the devil was in the minority, a champion of rights he would be, but when the devil is in the majority, to hell with rights, says he.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Candida, Candida, Candida!

Candida, by Bernard Shaw. Empire Theatre, March 10, 1937.

IN A SENSE all drama moves toward a condition of farce. This is because the theatre's very essence consists in the heightening of its material. Heightening that is free, fluent, almost abstract, unless it has the restrictions of character and rational measure, floats off into farce, which is thus closer to poetic drama and serious tragedy than to plain everyday prose realism. "Candida" is fundamentally a farce, a cerebral farce. It is not so because the immense heightening given to all the characters is too much detached from their actions; the farce appears in the detachability of the reasons—often put into their own mouths—given for their actions. We often sense thoughts, theories, motives assigned by the author to the characters and not wholly necessary to them in the light of what each is and does. These theories and principles make a pattern among themselves, culminating in Candida's explanation of her decision and its implications, in the last scene.

This last scene is a good example of the point. If we take the play as a farce of ideas pitched delightfully against each other, Candida's explanation of her choice of husband versus poet is capital entertainment, capable of real emotion but remaining a fairly reckless, or at least free, solution of a built-up pattern of theories, ironies, controversial wagers and attacks. This special brand of explanation for the final solution of the problem of her choice between the two men has been, obviously, predicted all along through the play; it arrives effectively enough. If you choose, however, to overlook the prediction, and to take her explanation as an independent passage in the play, then you must face one of two interpretations. Here we have a woman who, as is usual with Mr. Shaw's characters, from the ordinary standpoint is safely moral whatever wild words or theories may let fly. Candida does the conventional thing: she remains with her husband instead of going off with the poet. And, like every other woman in the parish, she loves her husband. She treats him and the poet, nevertheless, to a full dissection of her decision, which she says is a matter of choosing the weaker, who needs her most, etc., etc. If we do refuse to take the play as cerebral farce, then either she is a slightly tedious creature (self-illusioned, all understanding, given perhaps to a wee sermon now and then) who is now making a perfectly natural choice but must stir up a lot of semi-tosh about it, true or not true; or else, while staying on with her loved husband (not to speak of her children), she will, from out a wise and gentle heart, dilate on the occasion for the two men's good, especially her husband's, who needs the lecture more than Marchbanks does, can take it thicker, and can rather more satisfactorily be punished a bit.

The whole play indeed is made up of clicks, curtains, balances in motifs—such as, for the most obvious example, that of Candida's father finding one by one that the whole house of them is crazy. The single shortcoming in Miss Cornell's production derives from a refusal of the full swing to the play's cerebral raciness and frank theatre. Not seldom during the performance you note the attempt to glide past some bit of stage trick in structure or dialogue, or to blur effects that, though not high sad art, are yet good, joyous artifice, healthy and strictly theatre. On the same basis the least satisfactory performance is that of Candida's father by Mr. Keye, which cuts down the full, gusty content of the role and its business in the whole play.

The abstractions, attributes and heightening given to each of the characters clarify their outlines and make them tend toward types. Thus it is that "Candida" ends by being a play whose roles are capable of many interpretations, and are hospitable to many actors.

As types of what they represent, such roles are always debatable of course; and in this case it is the poet that heads the debate. Marchbanks is both conventional and unconventional. There are two qualities about him that are true of the poet in general: he responds intensely to things that for most men mean nothing, a sign not of weakness but of strength and significance; he is in the end practical, because he follows what he knows is for him life and reality. The rest of Shaw's poet—not forgetting the persuasive sop of making him the son of a nobleman—is a mixture of the Yellow Nineties, with that mauve babble about beauty, plus the stage poet, whose clumsy absurdities make us all feel comfortably indulgent. Thus Mr. Shaw, playing perfectly safe, manages to use Marchbanks to hit the minister, rhetoric, ego, good looks and all, over the head; and while providing a safe happy ending, makes a point for the creative artist by tapping the audience softly on the head with poesy's defense. Mr. Robert Harris' Marchbanks, tormented and comprehending, is well enough, taking the part as it is written.

In fact the casting, directing and playing in Mr. McClintic's production of "Candida" are far above the average in any theatre. Of all the actresses who have taken the role, Miss Mildred Natwick's Prossie must be very likely the surest and best, and the most delicately and profoundly kept within its due scale of comic and pathetic. Miss Cornell's Candida, as in all characters with a type outline, is one of the many versions possible to the role. By the same token it is more than usually dependent on the player's own quality. Some of her audience seemed to think Miss Cornell's first moments affected. I did not think so; she seemed, rather, a trifle uneasy, whipped up, as if under some kind of sensitive strain in a casual scene. She could take it more simply, for she has nothing to fear; she meets with great and rich security every demand of the part as it arises. In the last scene she takes up all the word-battle, sermon, self-confident analysis et cetera and turns it into a miracle of grace and loving wisdom that is rarely seen on our stage, and that sheer acting, no matter how good, as divorced from personal quality, could never achieve.

STARK YOUNG.

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Flaherty and the Films

AS HIS pictures get no better and his reputation grows, it becomes more difficult to place Robert Flaherty's film work. He has been a free lance and restless spirit; he has grown gray in the honorable service of following his personal ideal and damning the eyes of all commercial movie comers. He has completed, usually against back-breaking odds, at least four feature-length pictures that any reading person could name off without hesitation (try this on one of your favorite directors). But in the case of his new "Elephant Boy," I think Variety had the simplest and most lucid approach. Animal picture, Variety said.

Now animal pictures and travelogues are fascinating stuff when their material is strange or exciting as it should be. But with such ventures the act of creation (I think we may use a few art terms here occasionally) largely amounts to whatever it takes to promote the money, push into these outlands, shoot the giant panda with the right lens, etc. The creative process used in writing songs or a book only enters here when the material is arranged in some dramatic pattern—after the fact, as in the abridgement, contrast, emphasis of cutting; before the fact, as when natural people are made unnatural ham actors in the interests of the "candid" camera. And since to make anything in the way of a picture you must have a scheme of arrangement and sequence, the value of work like Flaherty's depends upon the natural art with which such artifices are concealed and still made to serve their purpose. For whenever we come to trust the camera eye as a peephole through which we may see wild or human life unobserved, the first hint that the deadly python is Goodyear rubber or the first trace of self-conscious mugging in Intimate Native Moments becomes much more devastating than it would be in pure fiction, frankly accepted as such. Robert Flaherty has always relied on some of the devices (both before and after the fact) of fiction; his main weakness is always that he will jar truth with faking and at the same time scorn to learn how it is done by the Great Fakirs (by which I mean the brightest artists in the screen story, by which I mean Hollywood).

Apparently a story he didn't care for was forced on him for his film of India; and worse than that, they called in for the "treatment" an evident veterinary. A huge damned villain is created, to beat the elephant until it runs amok; Toomai steals off on the elephant to save its life; the tame beast is apparently drawn by the wild herd, also apparently not; and the overdone triumph of the end is made to come when Toomai brings in a couple-hundred tusks for Sahib High-class Englishman. So the screen story was weak to start with. But whether any story becomes fine or foolish in the end depends greatly on (1) the people who act it out, (2) the way they are managed and fitted into a final pattern. And Flaherty was not blessed in his actors.

The boy Sabu was a natural find, assured in his command of the ponderous tricky livestock of the story, standing before the cameras with the candor and grace God gave him. A Little Major in eloquence too, with the required hurts and glees and solemn ambition. And smart's a whip. As to the rest, they are something between a class in elocution and the endmen of a minstrel show that died on the road and passed into some ghastly everlasting of blackface and jokes they couldn't remember, something in a turban and the best Oxford English—but this group of Hamlets has to be seen.

But even with such a story and such people, there are still ways of coaxing and forcing and fooling and bearing down with the cutting scissors. The well tempered film director should be able to do what others have done before him: size up the situation and say, "Now Farnsworth, we're going to junk the surprise here, that's out; we open on you standing here and you're looking off at the mountain, you simply keep your eye on that mountain, see"; and then kick the cameraman in the shins to start them rolling, quietly blow up a paper bag and then POWIE, just out of the camera but two feet from Farnsworth's ear. Etc., etc.—for if you can spend days getting a shot of the three-toed leopard, certainly no price is too high for any similar achievement in the natural history of the wild actor.

As to technique, I noticed that almost all the transitions were managed by an unvarying overlap-dissolve, that the close-ups were so constant as to become awkward—and indeed young Sabu was frequently centered in a background that did nothing but recall the time some photographer got my Uncle Rob fixed for eternity in the family album, astride the crescent moon with a derby hat. Then there is a definite poverty in variation—big scenes built up by two or three shots running over and over; some strips (the elephants trumpeting or dancing or waving a trunk) brought in so often you begin to call them by name.

In fact, it is better to ignore everything about the film but its record of a trip to the elephant country. There is the great cat, hungry and smelling the breeze and bringing terror delicately right up to the camera; also the native boy; also a batlike small thing with eyes as wild and liquid with fear as anything ever seen; and then the elephants, in all the slow mighty grace that has made them an object of awe and delight from Ceylon to circus parades. In Osmond Borradaile's camera they walk, lope, charge, wallow in the river; there is the biggest one in captivity and a baby about two feet high that has my money over Shirley Temple any day, always worried, and falling behind, and trying to make a noise like an elephant. There is a wild herd and the business of its capture, beaters scaring the stupid lovelies with torches and rattles until they fall against each other like apartment blocks; and the business of building a corral to hold the captives. The work of the sound crew adds to the excitement, and the great ones bugle or rumble with that terrific organ pedal-point they have—all in all a fine din, with a heightening note I never heard before, a sort of slurred trumpet third, very wild.

And that is what is valuable here—too bad you have to go through so much to get to it. Robert Flaherty is eager and serious in his work, but he is really more interested in poking in the ends of the earth than in creative film work (or he would have done a better job); to this end and this extent only is he a rebel (or he wouldn't scorn Class-A Hollywood just to work on such Class-C fiddle-faddle). Yet the more we clarify his position, the more we are indebted for the stuffs he brings back from the wanderings of his desire. His interests are wider than those of the usual travelers and animal-picture showmen, deeper with meaning. Even with the false truck of his latest pack, there is a shine and mood to it that set it apart. He is still the Grand Old Pedlar of the moving pictures.

OTIS FERGUSON.

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The Bandwagon

Picketing in Santa Monica is prohibited by an ordinance enacted yesterday by the City Council there. . . . The ordinance fixes a penalty of up to a $500 fine and six months' imprisonment for violation. . . .

"This ordinance," announced Mayor Gillette, "is not designed to interfere with the right of labor to collective bargaining or strike."—*News item from Santa Monica, Calif., printed in The Los Angeles Times.*

Two thousand greyhounds are to live in air-conditioned, centrally heated kennels upon completion of the $1,250,000 dog city under construction on 750 Surrey acres, formerly a peer's playground.

The estate has been bought by the Greyhound Racing Association, which will establish a research center, seeking the ideal vegetable for greyhounds. The center will include a garden for vegetable growing, the world's biggest dog hospital, with ultra-violet ray and dental X-ray departments.—*From a news item in The Seattle, Wash., Star.*

Explains Everything

Labor unions are backed by war-seeking financiers and take away a man's independence. They are the worst things that ever struck this earth.

The financiers want to kill competition so as to reduce the income of workers and eventually bring on war.—*Henry Ford, quoted in an interview in The New York Times.*

And Only 100-Percent Aryan Rubbish

According to a decree by Arthur Goerlitzer, assistant Nazi leader of the Berlin District, only 100-percent Aryans may pick up rags and rubbish in the streets and alleys of Berlin.—*News item in The Bronx, N. Y., Home News.*

It Wouldn't Exactly Discourage the Landlords

If tenants paying, say, $40 a month for four rooms would voluntarily increase their rent to $75 it would be a patriotic gesture and would go a long way toward overcoming the discrepancy between costs and returns and would thus encourage the construction of new buildings.—*From a letter signed C.R.D. in The Chicago Daily News.*

Apple Pie in the Sky; Applesauce on Earth

Was this life made for amusement and entertainment? I think not. Life was made for discipline, so that we might more worthily and better enjoy the benefits of another world.—*Boake Carter, in his syndicated column, appearing in The Battle Creek, Mich., Moon Journal.*

Cold Comfort Department

If our reading of the situation is correct a proletariat sufficiently interested in religion to burn relics and statues can be redeemed more easily than one wholly absorbed in questions concerning rates of wages and hours of work. . . .—*From an article by Stanley B. James in The Commonweal, Catholic weekly.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—The Editors.

CORRESPONDENCE

Freeman vs. Wilson

SIR: On January 19 I was in Mexico City. An interviewer for El Nacional asked me, "Who are some of the new important writers on the Left in the U.S.A.?" Remembering that the past decade in North American letters is still news to Mexico, I replied (among other things): "Edmund Wilson is the most distinguished of the liberal critics. His book of essays, 'Axel's Castle,' was a study of important European writers chiefly of the symbolist tradition—men like Valéry, Yeats, Joyce. It marked a point of departure for North American criticism as well as for the author, for he subsequently turned to the social scene in his study of the labor movement and the middle class during the crisis ('American Jitters') and his study of the Soviet Union."

Imagine my surprise, returning from Mexico yesterday, when I was shown Mr. Wilson's article on "The Literary Left" in The New Republic of January 20. It appears that at the very moment at which I was paying tribute to a writer with whom I differ politically, this very writer was singling me out as a horrible example of what Stalinism does to a man of letters. According to Mr. Wilson, Left criticism is "dominated by the quarrels of Russian factional politics"; the literary criticism "of the Stalinist press has become . . . diverted from its proper objects to playing the role of special pleader for Stalin," etc.

It seems to me that my interview in El Nacional contradicts Mr. Wilson's assertion that critics of the Left judge literary work by purely factional standards. Mr. Wilson's article, on the other hand, is shot through from beginning to end with the very faults which it imputes to the Stalinites. His alleged defense of literary standards is actually an attack on communism and on the Soviet Union.

For my own part, I continue to regard Mr. Wilson as a distinguished literary critic—when he writes about literature, as in the case of his brilliant article on Pushkin. But his piece on the Literary Left is not literary criticism; it is out and out political propaganda for Trotsky's views.

If Mr. Wilson really cares as much for ethical standards in literature as he claims, let him abide by them. He says, for example: "Johnson on Milton seems magnanimous appreciation if we compare it with, say, Joseph Freeman on Trotsky's 'History of the Russian Revolution' or on the later paintings of Diego Rivera." *I challenge Mr. Wilson to reproduce one single paragraph from my published writings to justify his silly accusation.* To make his task easier, I call his attention to the fact that I have written only one piece on Trotsky's history, which appeared in The Nation of March 16, 1932; and only one piece on Diego Rivera, which appeared in The New Masses of February, 1932.

New York City. Joseph Freeman.

SIR: The pieces which Mr. Freeman mentions are the ones to which I referred. I haven't got them by me; but I remember that in the review of Trotsky's history Mr. Freeman disparaged that very remarkable book, characterized Trotsky as a "satirist" and seemed to be exclusively preoccupied by the idea that Trotsky had not done justice to Stalin; in the article about Rivera, Mr. Freeman took the view that Rivera had betrayed the workers' cause in accepting the post of Minister of Fine Arts under a bourgeois government, that his point of view had changed to bourgeois-chauvinistic and that his painting had correspondingly degenerated.

Stamford, Conn. Edmund Wilson.

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From Mr. Brailsford

SIR: May I use your columns to contradict the statement that has found its way into the press, that I am a member of the Trotsky Defense Committee? Any organized partisanship in this painful and puzzling affair seems to me out of place.

London, Eng. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Dissecting the Social Security Act

SIR: Mr. Abraham Epstein in his article on the Social Security Act in The New Republic of January 27, overlooks both the substantive gains provided by the act itself and the great strategic advantage involved in the enactment into law of the principle of social insurance. Every friend of that principle knows, of course, that the law falls far short of the ideal, and that it needs to be enlarged and strengthened. The movement to strengthen it is not helped by an attack which is, in large part, both inaccurate and misleading.

Mr. Epstein starts with the British social-insurance system and gives it merited praise. With this system, he asserts, our law has "little in common." The particular defects in the American legislation with respect to which he believes it suffers in comparison are two: the British law covers "practically all the industrial emergencies," ours only two; second, our law "instead of distributing the insurance costs among all elements of society . . . places the burden entirely upon the wage-earners and consumers of the nation."

In his first charge Mr. Epstein ignores the fact that one of the "major risks," industrial accident, is now dealt with on the social-insurance principle in forty-six of the forty-eight states, and that many of these laws are decidedly superior to the British. Moreover, he forgets that Britain did not reach the present relative completeness of her body of legislation at a single bound. There was a span of twenty-eight years between the enactment of her first workmen's-compensation law, in 1897, and the establishment of old-age insurance in 1925. Her unemployment-insurance law when enacted in 1911 left about 80 percent of the industrial population unprotected and it made no provision for dependents—something that Mr. Epstein thinks our laws should do at once. Britain did not do this until after she had had ten years of experience. Now, with dependents included, the average maximum benefits paid under the British law are about one-half the maximum benefits required by the unemployment-insurance laws that have been passed under the stimulus of the Social Security Act in thirty-five states and the District of Columbia.

The second main charge leveled against the Security Act by Mr. Epstein is that the burdens under the act will be carried by the workers. Here he is referring to the payroll tax for unemployment insurance. This, he says, will be shifted in its entirety to the "wage-earners and consumers." A little later on, he says that it will be shifted in its entirety to "the workers." I had supposed that there was some ground for doubt about such a tax being shifted in its entirety. Waiving that point, however, I should still suppose that any shifting that takes place would be to consumers as such—not merely the wage-earners, but the whole population, including employers and the wealthy. As a mater of fact, Mr. Epstein's views with respect to the shifting of taxes appear rather similar to Whistler's with respect to his birthplace. He shifts them as he finds it convenient. Therefore, he writes approvingly of grants-in-aid to states to support old-age assistance with the funds coming from the general treasury, because "every penny" of the money received by aged persons will "add to their consuming power." This seems to leave us with the idea that while payroll taxes will be shifted in their entirety to the wage-earners, no other form of tax upon which the treasury depends will be shifted to anybody. At the same time it is, apparently, only a payroll tax for unemployment insurance which will be shifted, for in his latest article, in The New Republic of February 17, Mr. Epstein advocates a payroll tax for health insurance and justifies it because the employer will get something back for his money—as if he were really going to pay it.

The Social Security Act has not always seemed so unsatisfactory to Mr. Epstein. When the bill was pending before Congress, he praised it as the "most outstanding case of social legislation or any form of legislation that has ever been before Congress." In 1934, he even endorsed the tax-offset feature. While he reversed himself on that a year later, the old-age provisions of the bill were so acceptable that he told the House Ways and Means Committee that they were "happily all right." Surely a piece of legislation on which one person can have such diametrically opposite views within a little over a year, and such mutually contradictory views at the same time, should not be condemned out of hand on the basis of that person's latest judgment, but should be given some time for operation and then should be examined with deliberation. . . .

In his attack upon the Security Act as a whole because it does not, at the very outset, cover all the ground he would like to see covered, nor in the best possible way, I am reminded of Mr. Epstein's warning issued just a little over a year ago. Speaking before the Ways and Means Committee of the Seventy-fourth Congress, he said:

"For God's sake, do not let us do these things too suddenly. . . . Let us not run headlong into a stone wall and crack our heads. Let us go slowly and keep before us the purpose of laying a solid foundation on which we can build in the future."

New York City. JOHN A. FITCH.

SIR: The differences between Mr. Fitch and myself arise from the fact that we do not speak the same language. Whereas I am concerned with social security to meet the conditions in the United States in 1937, Mr. Fitch still thinks in terms of social insurance as it applied to Great Britain in 1911—a totally different era.

The problem of unemployment in England in 1911 was largely that of short-time unemployment. The plan then adopted was not so much a modest beginning as a program to meet the particular problems of that age. As new conditions arose, the system was adjusted accordingly. My criticism of the Social Security Act is that it fails to meet the conditions as they exist in the United States in 1937. The problem of unemployment in America today is one of millions of unemployed who have been without jobs for years and millions who will remain jobless for many more years. Any social-security program for America which does no more than meet, in a much clumsier way, the problems of the England of 1911, is a horse-and-buggy one. It is unrealistic and indefensible. The hope that by 1965 we may have a program which will meet the needs of 1937 does not, frankly, satisfy me. The "substantive gains provided by the Act" are no answer to this fundamental criticism.

Mr. Fitch did not take the trouble to check on the unemployment-insurance benefits in the two countries. Practically all states set the maximum weekly benefits at 50 percent of wages, not to exceed $15, regardless of dependents. The English pay 17 shillings per week plus 9 shillings for a wife and 3 shillings for each child. Thus, an insured person with a wife and three children may receive 35 shillings per week, or more than three-fourths of the normal wage. The fact that the English committed the error of waiting ten years before establishing benefits for dependents in 1921 is certainly no excuse for our not seeing this need sixteen years later.

Mr. Fitch merely splits hairs regarding the incidence of payroll taxes. Only the type of economist who in 1928 foresaw an America of capitalists and eternal prosperity quibbles about the effects of payroll taxes. The recent threat of the United States Secretary of the Treasury to punish the open transfer of such taxes on invoices should be a sufficient answer to them. I assumed that Mr. Fitch knew that wage and salary earners constitute the bulk of consumers. It is to be regretted that, as a student of the problem, Mr. Fitch should fail to distinguish the enormous differences between payroll taxes, which enter into the costs of production, and general taxes. Had he desired to be fair he would have acknowledged that, while I have never opposed small payroll taxes, I have repeatedly urged the use of income and inheritance taxation for the large governmental contributions to social insurance. Payroll taxes are more justified for health insurance because workers today actually pay more for their medical care.

Mr. Fitch merely splits hairs regarding the incidence of payroll sional committees. Of course the Social Security Act is the "most outstanding case of social legislation." So what? Anyone who has read my testimony before the House Ways and Means Commmittee knows that I have not reversed my position regarding the present

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tax-offset system for unemployment insurance. Mr. Fitch should know that my general approval of the old-age-insurance provisions in the original bill before the House Ways and Means Committee referred to an entirely different program from the one finally enacted. Is Mr. Fitch unaware that, at the request of the Secretary of the Treasury, Congress completely changed the program recommended by the Committee on Economic Security?

I still stand by the last statement so incriminatingly cited by Mr. Fitch. As always, I am opposed to doing things "too suddenly" and rushing "headlong into a stone wall." Had we any common ground, Mr. Fitch would understand that my criticism of the Social Security Act does not refer to its limited scope. Rather it is based on the fact that the principles underlying the Act do not "lay a solid foundation on which we can build in the future." Since Mr. Fitch himself admits "that the law falls far short of the ideal," would it not be more constructive for him to work for that ideal than to impugn the motives of those who do?

I have changed my mind in only one respect these past years. When I was younger I believed with Mr. Fitch that good intentions are inevitably productive of good. Since then I have been made aware that such intentions often pave a certain notorious road.

New York City. ABRAHAM EPSTEIN.

The Press and the Public

SIR: "If enough readers would protest against the policy of any newspaper that falsifies its news and betrays the public interest, even the most cynical and callous publisher would have to mend his way." So reads a sentence in the conclusions of your section "The Press and the Public" [The New Republic, March 17].

Quite true, but——

I have often heard, in conversations with friends, this denunciation of a certain publisher:

"Damn him! I don't like his policy and I take the news in his paper with a grain of salt."

"But," I have asked, "you buy his paper, don't you?"

"Yes," has always been the reply.

"If you don't like the paper," I have rejoined, "why do you buy it? And if you continue buying it, hasn't that publisher the right to assume that you like it?"

"Oh, but I buy it for Keyhole's Column or Gazabo's comic."

And so what?

Syracuse, N. Y. M. E.

Concerning the Modern Library

SIR: Edmund Wilson, in a contribution to the March 24 issue of The New Republic, makes a comment about the Modern Library that we consider malicious and unfair. "The Modern Library," he says, in speaking about the format of certain American publications, "is a pain in the neck (compare it with Everyman's)." Since we have always prided ourselves on making our Modern Library series as handsome and as practical as we possibly could in books designed to retail at 95 cents a copy, this is a blow that we refuse to let pass unnoticed.

The paper and cloth that we use for our Modern Library books are exactly the same as are used for books that sell for two and three times the price. The title pages were designed by Elmer Adler of the Pynson Printers, and the end sheets were designed by Rockwell Kent. The plates, in a large number of instances, are the identical ones that were used in the original, higher-priced editions, and where we set our own plates, we have used a type that has been approved by the English Departments in most of the large universities in the country.

Mr. Wilson goes on to say that our "big illustrated classics are worse." By big illustrated classics I take it that Mr. Wilson means our Modern Library Giants, although of the thirty-four books in this series, only four actually are illustrated. These Giants are books that vary in size from 700 pages to 1,400 pages and if Edmund Wilson, or anybody else in America, can show us how we can improve a single feature of them and still be able to sell them for $1.10 a copy, we would certainly like to hear the details. Malcolm Cowley, in The New Republic, made a helpful suggestion some months ago when he pointed out that the color cloth we were using for the Giants faded too easily; we immediately changed to a darker cloth that has overcome this fault. I cite this fact to prove that we do not consider ourselves infallible and are always delighted to hear helpful suggestions. We have taken Mr. Wilson's advice as to comparing our books with Everyman's Library and would like him to point out a single detail where the Modern Library suffers by comparison. Possibly our eyes, naturally prejudiced, are now failing us completely.

In conclusion, we would also like to say that Mr. Wilson, in talking about the format and typography of American books, has seen fit to completely ignore our Random House publications, on whose appearances we have always prided ourselves in particular, nor has he said a single word about the fine books of the Viking Press. Since the Viking Press had six of its books chosen for the last Fifty Books of the Year show, and since Random House had five, it seems to me that Mr. Wilson has overlooked two rather important imprints in making his general accusations.

New York City. BENNETT A. CERF.

Author Bites Back

SIR: In his review of my book, "Another Such Victory," in The New Republic of March 3, Jack Conroy sets the tone of his criticism by a completely false statement. After recalling that in 1933 Horace Gregory noted that even cheap circulation-library books were becoming class-conscious, he says that I "for a long time wrote for the rental-library trade," and that my new novel bears the marks of my "early apprenticeship." The implication is that "Another Such Victory," which is a novel dealing with a good many characters, both upper and lower class, during a strike in a small city in a variation of the technique which began with Dos Passos, is merely a class-conscious sex novel.

Actually my "apprenticeship" consists of four other novels, all, whatever their merits, in a serious classification. Mr. Conroy evidently heard someone remark that once, in an extreme financial emergency lasting three months, I did some hack work. But even if Mr. Conroy's statement about the "early apprenticeship" were true, it would still be dishonest of him to mention it in connection with the book he was reviewing. There are no sex scenes in "Another Such Victory," but merely indications of sex relations, all confined to certain of the bourgeois characters (who continue in their idle ways despite the economic crisis going on). As for the proletarian characters, they are all plainly too preoccupied with the strike for the week or so covered by the book to bother with sex. And Vera, the Communist girl, is nowhere described as "beautiful." (I thought of her as being rather plain.)

Mr. Conroy seems unable to detect class bias in writing unless it takes the form of a lead pipe.

New York City. CLIFTON CUTHBERT.

What's on the Air?

Debate between Columbia and Oxford Universities on the subject of government control of munitions manufacture. Saturday, April 17, 4 P.M., CBS.

Sketch of the high lights in the life of Ben Leider (American newspaperman and aviator killed fighting for the loyalists in Spain) put on by a group of radio actors. Sunday, April 18, 8:30 to 9 P.M., WEVD.

Lively discussion is anticipated as America's Town Meeting of the Air takes up the question: "How Can America Avoid War?" Thursday, April 22, 9:30 to 10:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Hugh Walpole, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Edward Seymour Hicks and others speak at a Shakespeare's birthday memorial luncheon broadcast from Stratford-on-Avon, England. Friday, April 23, 8:15 to 9 A.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical features of outstanding merit include the opening of the Covent Garden season in London with a presentation of "Othello," Monday, April 19, 2 to 2.30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; the Cleveland Orchestra, directed by Artur Rodzinski, Wednesday, April 21, 1:45 to 2:45 P.M., NBC-Red Network; and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, Thursday, April 22, 8 to 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard.

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Spring Book Section

Bitter Wine

"BREAD AND WINE,"[1] though complete in itself, is in many respects a continuation of "Fontamara." Again the scene is laid in the Fucino, that part of the Abruzzi owned by the Prince Torlonio and tilled by thousands of poor peasants, the *cafoni*. Several years have gone by. The action takes place at the time of the Italian invasion of Ethiopia. But the new novel is wider in scope. Whereas "Fontamara" dealt with the fate of one little mountain village, driven to revolt by fascist oppression and destroyed in the struggle against the fascist state, "Bread and Wine" encompasses nearly all social strata in the country.

The events of 1921 bring the hero, Pietro Spina, a young student, into the revolutionary movement. Fascism, subsequently, forces him to flee from Italy. After many years of exile he returns illegally to carry on political work among the peasants. He finds them still sunk in hopeless poverty, suffering under the same oppression, enchained by the guns and the propaganda of the government. The spark of rebellion that had momentarily flared up in "Fontamara" seems quenched. "Etcetera," the godlike leader in the capital whose name none dares mention, his carabinieri and officials, bishops and professors, rule with unlimited authority over body and soul. The old comrades have been assassinated, have fled or have deserted. No one trusts his neighbor or ventures to express his true feelings. Spina, who has deliberately disfigured his face and has assumed the garb of a priest, lives for months unrecognized near his native village. For months he tries in vain to find a reliable man who can help him bring together the scattered portions of the former socialist groups, until he finally comes into contact with a young student, a follower of the "true" fascism who wants a second revolution. Spina, who believes that he has obtained a foothold in the Fucino, goes to Rome and searches in the wreckage of the old party for an experienced organizer to collaborate with the student. In Rome he finds the same conditions: the omnipotence of a corrupt regime and the impotence of the revolutionary party. Failing in his search, he returns to the Fucino. En route, he witnesses the hysterical demonstration that accompanies the inauguration of the Ethiopian war, and is betrayed by the student, who succumbs to the war psychosis. Spina flees for his life. This, briefly, is the story.

In "Bread and Wine" the author again displays the powerful artistry of his narrative, his warmth of feeling, his sense of humor and his personal honesty. Nowhere is the life of the Italian peasants portrayed with greater love, or the relations of the church with the various social classes described with more bitter sarcasm. But the old spirit of "Fontamara" is dead.

Silone belongs to the army of political exiles in Europe whose constantly growing ranks reflect the victories of fascism. Their existence becomes more restricted from year to year. Welcome nowhere, not even in the democratic countries, without means of livelihood, without passports, without permits to work; smuggled by police across the borders of neighboring countries; suspected, persecuted and isolated, they live an existence whose demoralizing effects spare none. Silone, too, bears its marks.

"Why did you come back to Italy?" asked a former school friend to whom Spina, suffering from tuberculosis, turned for medical advice. "If you love liberty, why didn't you stay in one of the countries where there is liberty?"

"I came back here to be able to breathe," said Spina, without realizing at the time what his answer meant. The true motives become evident as he is drawn more and more under the influence of his native land, of his youth, of his Catholic education, as the remembrance of the Party and his exile recede, and as he surrenders to the doubts which he had long felt but repressed. He doubts the moral integrity of his activity as a professional revolutionist. Gradually he admits himself "that his return to Italy had been at heart an attempt to get away from the Marxist bureaucracy, to return to the rank and file and recapture in action the enthusiasm that had originally led him into the movement." He feels that during the fifteen years of party work he has neglected "deeper interests," has by "self-mutilation" stifled great potentialities. He feels cramped within the party framework, breaks through the barrier, and finds his salvation in a return to a new Christianity, "a Christianity denuded of all mythology, of all Church control."

Silone understands what this development from the Marxist functionary to the religious anarchist means for illegal anti-fascist work; he knows that it means the rejection of the organizational principles of the revolutionary party. To forestall objections, he makes Spina admit that his doubts result from his illness, isolation and enforced inactivity. He makes him destroy a large part of the diary containing his most intimate thoughts as "dictated by depression and disillusion" and makes him dismiss the rest as "meanderings of an idle mind." He makes Spina in a controversy with the anarchist Uliva defend the fundamentals of Marxism and makes the party functionary Romeo demonstrate the necessity for patient illegal organizational work. But Spina (and Silone) has lost faith in the party and its role. "What must we do?" the three *cafoni* who succeeded in fleeing abroad asked at the end of their story in "Fontamara." They wanted a guide to action and sought political leadership. The answer that Silone offers them in "Bread and Wine" must sound to them like mockery. "Live honestly! Give an example of true Christianity!"

The profound resignation that permeates the book, the desperate search for a way out, both represent the state of mind of many political exiles in the face of an almost unresisted advance of fascism. In the meantime, however, the situation in Europe has changed. The People's Front in France and the struggle against fascism in Spain have again demonstrated the strength inherent in the working classes. The International Brigade bears lasting testimony to their

[1] Bread and Wine, by Ignazio Silone. Translated by Gwenda David and Eric Mosbacher. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

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solidarity. The ridiculed, starved, demoralized victims of yesterday are fascism's invincible enemies of today. The unwelcomed Italian refugees have grown overnight into the respected fighters of the Garibaldi Battalion. And they supply the answer that Pietro Spina has failed to give.

KARL BILLINGER.

Having Wonderful Time

Present Indicative, by Noel Coward. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 378 pages. $3.

TRUE TO the Noel Coward tradition of precocity, Mr. Coward has written his autobiography at the age of thirty-seven. People with a sense of fitness will agree he had not a moment to lose. He begins the book aptly:

> I was photographed naked on a cushion very early in life, an insane, toothless smile slitting my face and pleats of fat overlapping me like an ill fitting overcoat. Later, at the age of two, I was photographed again. This time in a lace dress, leaning against a garden roller and laughing hysterically.

Since then, Mr. Coward has laughed a great deal. Sometimes, perhaps, hysterically (nerves are part of his equipment as an *enfant du siècle*) but mostly with good humor, grace and an enlivening flair for the ridiculous. Indeed, he has concealed toil, disappointment, voracious ambition and a quite considerable sensitiveness to the more tragic and dreary aspects of life, under that same laugh. Laughter has been his formula and part of the sense of form apparent enough in the dialogue of his plays, which, no matter how colloquial or fiendishly crafty an echo of the weary worldling's slovenly monosyllables, always emerges with the clear stamp of style.

Humor, a sense of form—the third member of the trinity is bound to be a sense of proportion. Therefore it is unlikely that Mr. Coward looks upon his autobiography as a world-shaking document. The result is a relaxed attitude, very grateful to the reader, and a lively account of a career touching existence at deliberately contrasted levels and, with ruthless yet amiable brio, building up to its own kind of success. There is skill in the writing, Mr. Coward establishing himself as a maestro of gently ironical prose.

Every Englishman has a vein of simplicity and sentiment which it might be foolish to dismiss as naïveté. Some pages of "Present Indicative" go off into a diary note, affectionate talk about friends and family, digressions on travel and so forth. The references to certain already overpublicized personalities, outside the arts, strike one as more trivial; to which it may be retorted that, from his point of view, these names are the trimmings of Mr. Coward's inevitable success story and of his having a wonderful time.

More interesting is Mr. Coward's wonderful time as an actor, playwright, composer and, occasionally, director. "Present Indicative" is electric with theatre: the discipline, fun, wear and tear, last-minute agonies and sudden triumphs of that unpredictable arena. This report of over twenty-five years' furious work on the English and American stages has value, not only because of its vitality, but because Mr. Coward has the seeing eye, his appreciation of quality is instinctive and he has the talented man's ready generosity where there is reason to praise.

About his own achievements, Mr. Coward is neither too vainglorious nor too humble. He is excited by creation, as any artist should be; but is remarkably honest in listing what he considers his failures. He views much in his hero as definitely comic. However, beneath his rueful recital of blunders and mischances, you will still find a healthy amount of self-respect. It is easy to believe Mr. Coward, when he says:

> I am neither stupid nor scared, and my sense of my own importance to the world is relatively small. On the other hand, my sense of my importance to myself is tremendous. I am all I have, to work with, to play with, to suffer and to enjoy. It is not the eyes of others that I am wary of, but my own.

Self-reliant at nine, when he was already a child player with no background of privilege, Mr. Coward has continued to be so. In important matters, he has a cheerful hatred of sham and short-cuts. No one can grudge him the pleasure and kudos he has achieved through his independence, his wild curiosity, his actor's feeling for the moment and his delight in the use of his gifts. Every reader will be grateful to him for "Present Indicative," which is excellent entertainment. More, it has candor and character. Finally, like the best Coward plays, it bestows the enchanting boon of light-heartedness upon an era prone to mistake solemnity for cerebration and often too self-protectively hard-boiled to have any kind of heart.

MARY CASS CANFIELD.

Muffled Drums

Life in a Haitian Valley, by Melville J. Herskovits. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 385 pages. $4.

THE MOST characteristic memory that any visitor brings back from Haiti is of the persistent throb of the drums which in the daylight as well as at night beat down from the hills and across the valleys. These drum beats punctuate Melville Herskovits' leisurely account of the life of the Haitian peasants just as steadily as they did William Seabrook's ecstatic descriptions of the orgies practised, supposedly, by these same simple people. But the emphasis is different. The drums that Professor Herskovits found most significant were not the tomtoms which play for the voodoo dances, but those of European design which set the pace for the *combites* hoeing in the fields. The importance of these *combites* lies in the fact that although the Haitians have taken over the European concept of private property they have kept intact the African custom of communal work—work for which no fee is paid but which is done for the sheer pleasure of working together and gorging upon the feast the owner of the field customarily provides. And what gives Professor Herskovits' book its depth and distinction is his sure knowledge of the manner in which two contrasting racial cultures have merged to form the pattern of Haitian life today.

As he explains carefully and often, the Haitians are not merely black "savages" who have adopted the implements and conventions of a superior race. Their present culture is a true amalgam of the traditions of Dahomey, from which most of their ancestors came, and of the particular Frenchmen who were, at first, their masters. For the most part these Frenchmen were a sorry lot—crude, avaricious and cruel. Yet so great was their power and so strong their slaves' desire to emulate them that through their turbulent years the Haitians discarded many of the gracious traditions of Dahomey for the most unattractive of European traits. That they gave up their African arts and games without acquiring any real substitutes for them is, Professor Herskovits believes, the reason they are still today such an unsettled and uncertain people.

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Nowhere is this amalgam of African with European cultures more telling than in their religion. No matter how strange it may appear to an outsider, the Haitian himself sees no inconsistency in his custom of staying up all Saturday night to "feed," pacify and be possessed by the *loa* of his ancestors—and then rushing home to array himself for early Mass. For although the white priests rail from their altars, and in Creole too, against voodoo, the Haitian does not understand why they do it. Are not the priests themselves possessed by the sacred Trinity, he asks, when they shout and intone and wave their arms about? And so in their own fashion, and without mentioning it in their confessions, the Haitians worship many false gods while they piously say their paternosters.

Those who have thrilled to the sadistic tales of Seabrook and his followers will find Herskovits' accounts of the *vodun* ceremonies and sacrifices he witnessed pretty tame reading. (He saw no orgies and noticed that his companions were much less interested in killing the sacred animals than in cooking them—for the Haitian *loa* are hearty gods who value roasts and desserts and store-bought *kola* above all ceremonials.) But no one who has a real interest in the Caribbean countries, or in the broader implications of the "Negro problem," can afford to neglect this intelligent and penetrating study. GRACE ADAMS.

Paradise Lost

My Father's House: An Oneida Boyhood, by Pierrepont B. Noyes. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 312 pages. $3.50.

THE Oneida Community, founded in the 1840's by John Humphrey Noyes, differed in many respects from other American communist experiments. It was a native movement, derived its inspiration largely from the Bible, and was less concerned with communism as an economic goal than as a means to perfectionism. Complete economic and sexual communism seemed to Noyes the only way to combat self-seeking, which he considered the supreme evil. The system of Complex Marriage adopted by the community was primarily a denial of the sanctity of the orthodox marriage relation, of the sanctity of ownership in sexual relations. The community did not, however, substitute promiscuity for marriage. Sexual relations were governed by social and especially by eugenic considerations. Noyes, a pioneer in this as in other respects, was an early advocate of birth control and of a selective system of human breeding known as Stirpiculture. Between 1868 and 1881 fifty-eight children were born under this system of whom Pierrepont Noyes, the founder's son, was one. The story of this experiment has recently been told in Robert Allerton Parker's able study, "A Yankee Saint."

Pierrepont Noyes's story of his boyhood is an almost indispensable supplement to Mr. Parker's book. It is the story of a child born and reared in a "strange world"; a world into which the "customs, laws, religions and social formulas of civilization came . . . only as the faint cries of philistine hordes outside our walls." At the age of ten the child experienced a social revolution when the community made the change from communism to individual ownership. His early security was rooted in a life which accepted communism and pacifism as desirable and rejected all forms of competition and self-seeking. His adolescence was spent largely in adjusting himself to a world in which competition and strife were the rule. His record of both these experiences speaks volumes for the community's teaching and practice, and for its people as well.

Mr. Noyes's writing is distinguished by a candor and charm which alone would suffice to make this book memorable. It has further interest as a unique human document, an authentic inside story of a Looking Glass world, which to its inhabitants was the normal world, justified not only by reason and religious authority but by the happiness and rounded development of its members. What strikes one overwhelmingly about Mr. Noyes's childhood is how much more normal it was than that of most "normally" reared children. It was full of fun, adventure, good health, curiosity, wonder, work and achievement. It was extraordinarily rich also in human contacts. "We lived in the south wing like a great family of sisters and brothers," he writes. "We felt surrounded by a larger family of grown folks who seemed also brothers and sisters. . . . They were neither indulgent nor were they sadists. They seemed anxious about our souls and felt responsible for our health but they never persecuted us, nor did they hover over us as doting parents do."

The children did, however, share to some extent in the rigors of the community's spiritual life. They were expected to live up to its ideals and were censored just as the grown people were if they fell into such error as "partiality" in their personal relations. Yet good sense evidently tempered even these austerities, for life as Noyes remembers it was zestful and gay. It was, for all its striving after perfection, far from ascetic. Music, acting, dancing, card playing and picnics were among the recreations. There was "a predilection for doing . . . work in 'Bees,'" a New England custom which "fitted especially with the social enthusiasms and theory of equality" of the community. One strawberry-picking bee has remained especially vivid in Mr. Noyes's memory. "Outsiders never have such fun as our folks," he thought on this occasion. Significant also is his belief that "we, of the Children's house, preserved our belief in the goodness and honesty of grown folks several years longer than do most children."

But hostile outside forces were increasingly active. Perhaps these alone would not have triumphed so soon, but dissension and jealousy were at work also within the community. Even the children sensed it. Their security was shaken by a knowledge of differences among their elders and by the introduction into the Children's House of two outside boys, Earl and Chet, who brought with them an aura of outside sophistication and a scorn for community ways. It was a time of confusion—of fear and nostalgia for the safe familiar life that was threatened, mixed with adventurous curiosity about the new ways. In this, too, the children reflected the attitude of their elders. Adults and children alike thought fearfully of the struggle for existence when each must pay his way individually and yet "felt a certain elation in wielding for the first time the age-old power of money to buy . . . things desired."

Mr. Noyes ends his own story with his entry into Colgate Academy at the age of sixteen. That of the community he carries through the period of disintegration and retreat, the abandonment of Complex Marriage and communism, its rebirth as a joint-stock venture and the partially restored leadership and prestige of its founder. He clarifies this later part of the story with a profoundly significant comment: ". . . Possessiveness in sex and family relations makes economic communism impossible. . . . For the sake of the family millions endure the chaos and misery of our competitive regime. . . . The Oneida community by adopting the family system had taken a first step backward away from communism." MARTHA GRUENING.

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The Perfect Tory

Arthur James Balfour, by Blanche E. C. Dugdale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 vols. 703 pages. $10.

LATE, TOO late in life, Lord Balfour began to write his autobiography. It remained a fragment, but a beautiful one in its intimation of the peculiar fascination which his personality possessed for his contemporaries. His niece has tried to recapture the same elusive quality through the recollection of an intimate association within a close domestic circle, and at the same time to present a full-length portrait of the statesman who played a leading part in British history for nearly fifty years. The result necessarily falls short of expectation. The book does not possess the authority of the great mortuary monuments to Victorian statesmen, the Beaconsfield of Moneypenny and Buckle, the Gladstone of Morley, the Chamberlain of Garvin. As a personal tribute it is even a little naïve.

Mrs. Dugdale does, however, supply an interpretation of a character which began to reveal itself to the world in the eighteen-eighties as something of an enigma. As a youth Balfour early suffered a shattering disappointment in a love that was closed by death before it was even told. This sorrow certainly found relief in unshakable faith in life after death, and promoted the destructive criticism of all empirical systems of thought in "A Defense of Philosophic Doubt." Accepted as a brilliant intellectual exercise and a manual of skepticism, this work was in fact a clearing of the ground for an assertion of faith implicit in its conclusion and made explicit in its sequel "The Foundations of Belief." It may be conjectured that Uncle Robert, Marquess of Salisbury, just then entering on his long lease of power, decided that politics was the medicine for a mind so diseased, and shortly after his nephew's election to Parliament, with a fine scorn for cries of nepotism, he made him Secretary of State for Scotland.

Balfour's real public career began in Lord Salisbury's second government when he became Secretary for Ireland. His first exploit was the introduction of a coercion act for Ireland, in a speech sentence after sentence of which brought the Irish members to their feet in foaming fury—"a series of lancet wounds from first to last," as George Wyndham described it, "ending in a stiletto stab." And the bitterest insult of all was the air of mocking indifference with which it was delivered.

Balfour was an intriguing figure in the House of Commons, somewhat as Castlereagh was to an earlier generation, by reason of this indifference, verging on contempt; but while Castlereagh's humor was one of black pessimism which led to suicide, Balfour's was of a vivacity and buoyancy which added to the gayety of the nation. In both cases it was a powerful parliamentary weapon. Hazlitt in his essay "The Look of a Gentleman" wrote a famous characterization of Castlereagh, brooding in his place, "hatching vain empires." Pictures are many of Balfour's languid saunter and sprawling lounge in the same seat of power. To a parliamentary reputation he added a social glamor as a member of that group gathered about Margot Tennant (the Dodo of Mr. Benson's novels), known as "the Souls." The impression he made on his intimates is recorded in Lady Oxford's conversation with Wilfred Blunt:

> Arthur's real mind was metaphysical and religious. Death was an incident no more alarming than the passage from this room to that, the world to come being far more interesting and important. It is for that reason that he has no profound conviction about politics; they attract him only as a game which he thinks he plays well and which amuses him much as a game of chess might do, but he does not really care for the things at stake or believe that the happiness of mankind depends on events going this way or that.

The diarist also recalls George Wyndham's more trenchant comment: "He knows there was once an ice age, and that there will some day be an ice age again. This makes him indifferent." At the same time, Mrs. Dugdale tells us that in the long road of his memory Balfour recalled two measures of his early career as of high social value—the Irish Land Purchase Act of 1891, which he declared began the emancipation of the island by eliminating the curse of absentee landlordism, and the Education Act of 1906.

If there were two Balfours, the second, who had remained in the background during these years, emerged with the War. That he realized the change is apparent from his remark that nothing seems to have happened before 1914. Balfour had resigned the leadership of the Unionist Party in 1911, and was free to put his experience and ability at the service of the government. He became almost at once a member of the Committee of Imperial Defense. He joined the first coalition government as First Lord of the Admiralty in May, 1915. In December, 1916, he took over the Foreign Office under Lloyd George, and the next spring headed the mission to Washington, where he informed President Wilson of the existence of the secret treaties. He was second to Lloyd George in the Peace Conference at Paris and directed proceedings there after his chief's return to London. Amid these distractions he issued the Balfour Declaration giving to the Jews the homeland of Palestine; Mrs. Dugdale tells us that at the end of his days he said that "he felt that what he had been able to do for the Jews had been the thing he looked back upon as most worth doing." As Lord President of the Council he represented Great Britain in the Council of the League of Nations and headed the British delegation to the Washington Conference. He was chairman of the Committee of Dominion Prime Ministers in 1926 and drafted the important section on the status of Great Britain and the dominions in the report which serves as a kind of constitution for the Empire. He was Chancellor of Edinburgh University from 1895, and was installed Chancellor of Cambridge in 1919.

It is necessary to rehearse these functions in order to correct the view of Balfour which he enjoyed imposing on the world. Yet always this drama of useful activities he liked to play before a backdrop of cynicism. While looking at a handful of cigarette ashes in a kaleidoscope which threw them into geometrical patterns he remarked, "I dare say that's how this horrible welter of a world looks to a Higher Intelligence." Balfour's theism posited a deity who can be an object of love, reverence and devotion. He does not seem to have subjected this concept to the criticism of human experience.

There are many things which Mrs. Dugdale does not tell us. We know that Balfour was a die-hard in the fight over the House of Lords, an upholder of a hard peace with Germany in which the Fourteen Points should not be given "too legalistic" an interpretation, an extremist in opposition to the Irish treaty. What did he think of the Jameson Raid? of the mutiny of army officers at Curragh? of the recognition of the Soviet Union? We may infer the answers, for despite appearances Balfour was a singularly unified character. His recognition of that fact was expressed in a remark shortly before his death: "When I look back, I think that my opinions have hardly ever changed at all about anything."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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A Check List of Spring Books

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS AND LETTERS

MEN OF MATHEMATICS, by Eric T. Bell (Simon and Schuster, $5). A mathematician tells the life-stories of the great mathematicians.

AMERICAN MEN OF SCIENCE, by J. G. Crowther (Norton, $3). Benjamin Franklin, Joseph Henry, Josiah Gibbs and Thomas A. Edison: their relation to American society. (Late April.)

AS I WAS GOING DOWN SACKVILLE STREET, by Oliver St. John Gogarty (Reynal and Hitchcock, $3.50). Fantastic memoirs and sharp comment on the literary life of Dublin, by no friend of James Joyce.

THE LETTERS OF LENIN, translated by Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie (Harcourt, Brace, $4). Private and political correspondence.

HART CRANE, by Philip Horton (Norton, $3). A poet's brief and stormy career, divided between greatness and folly. (Early May.)

ONE MIGHTY TORRENT, by Edgar Johnson (Stackpole, $3.50). An ambitious and engaging survey of the last four centuries in terms of their great men, and of the great men in terms of their biographers.

THE LIFE OF RICHARD WAGNER, Vol. II, by Ernest Newman (Knopf, $5). The revolution of 1848, the years of exile, the return to Germany, described in the second volume of a definitive biography.

THE GUGGENHEIMS, by Harvey O'Connor (Covici, Friede, $3). The story of the silver princes and copper kings, by the author of "Mellon's Millions." (Late April.)

PEDLAR'S PROGRESS, by Odell Shepard (Little, Brown, $3.75). Bronson Alcott and his flowering in New England; a biography that won the Little, Brown non-fiction prize. (Mid-April.)

DEAR THEO, edited by Irving Stone (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75). Van Gogh's letters to his brother, so arranged as to form an autobiography. (Late April.)

GREY OF FALLODON, by George Macaulay Trevelyan (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75). The life of the wartime Foreign Secretary as told by a distinguished historian.

FICTION

RAINBOW FISH, by Ralph Bates (Dutton, $2). The lives of half a dozen outcasts from western Europe, and their deaths off the coast of Greece; written concisely, with color and passion.

WASHINGTON CALLING, by Marquis W. Childs (Morrow, $2.50). Society and politics along the Potomac. (Early May.)

THE PRETENDER, by Lion Feuchtwanger (Viking, $2.50). After the death of Nero, a false Nero usurps the imperial throne and rules without pity. (Late April.)

THE COCK'S FUNERAL, by Ben Field (International, $1.75). Short stories—"The first volume of revolutionary fiction dealing with agrarian struggles in this country."

A LAMP ON THE PLAINS, by Paul Horgan (Harper, $2.50). A colorful novel about colorful people in a small New Mexico town.

JORDANSTOWN, by Josephine Johnson (Simon and Schuster, $2.50). A small mid-American city in the trough of the depression.

THE FRIENDLY TREE, by Cecil Day Lewis (Harper, $2). One of the new English poets writes a love story, simple and good as bread.

TRUMPET OF JUBILEE, by Ludwig Lewisohn (Harper, $2.50). The hegira of the Jews from Germany and their search through the world for hope and reason. (Late April.)

SO FAR, SO GOOD, by John O'Hara (Harcourt, Brace, $2). By the author (genus tough-and-tender) of "Appointment in Samarra." (Late April.)

PALE HORSE, PALE RIDER, by Katherine Anne Porter (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). A collection of five long stories by the author of "Flowering Judas." (Late April.)

THREE COMRADES, by Erich Maria Remarque (Little, Brown, $2.75). Survivors of the Western Front in post-war Germany during the years of inflation.

BREAD AND A SWORD, by Evelyn Scott (Scribner's, $2.75). An artist and his politically minded wife struggle and grow apart during the depression.

TWILIGHT OF A WORLD, by Franz Werfel (Viking, $3). Short novels and long stories about the Austrian Empire that exists no longer.

THE YEARS, by Virginia Woolf (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). A story of Londoners since 1880, written in Mrs. Woolf's earlier manner of direct narrative.

VERSE AND CRITICISM

FROM JORDAN'S DELIGHT, by R. P. Blackmur (Arrow Editions, $2.50). Intelligent and scrupulous verse in the New England tradition.

THE SLEEPING FURY, by Louise Bogan (Scribner's, $2.50). New verse by one of our most talented poets.

A DICTIONARY OF SLANG AND UNCONVENTIONAL ENGLISH, edited by Eric Partridge (Macmillan, $12.50). A monumental work on English (not American) slang.

ART AND SOCIETY, by Herbert Read (Macmillan, $4). A capable survey, with more emphasis on the graphic arts than on society.

GENERAL

THE BIRTH OF CHINA, by Herrlee Glessner Creel (Reynal and Hitchcock-John Day, $3.75). A new picture of early Chinese history.

TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA, by Charles M. Doughty (Random House, $15). A handsome two-volume reprint, with the good introduction by Colonel Lawrence.

WHY WAS LINCOLN MURDERED? by Otto Eisenschiml (Little, Brown, $3.50). Was Secretary Stanton ultimately responsible for the death of Lincoln?

IN THE AMERICAN JUNGLE, by Waldo Frank (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). Collected papers, 1925-36.

RETURN TO THE U.S.S.R., by André Gide (Knopf, $1). Gide's visit leaves him depressed with the working of socialism in the Soviet Union, but not without hope. (Mid-April.)

THE TRAGIC FALLACY, by Mauritz A. Hallgren (Knopf, $4). Our prospects of blundering simultaneously into war and dictatorship, as revealed by War Department plans.

MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION, by Lancelot Hogben (Norton, $3.75). One of the foremost English scientific writers explains mathematical theories and their historical background for the benefit of the man in the street.

MIDDLETOWN IN TRANSITION: A STUDY IN CULTURAL CONFLICTS, by Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd (Harcourt, Brace, $5). The Lynds carry their record of a typical mid-American city through the depression years.

THE MIRACLE OF ENGLAND, by André Maurois (Harper, $3.75). A Frenchman looks across the Channel and writes a one-volume history of the English—not too deep but admirably clear.

THE REVOLUTION BETRAYED, by Leon Trotsky (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Trotsky's case against the Soviet Union.

THE CONQUEST OF POWER, by Albert Weisbord (Covici, Friede, $7.50). A two-volume historical analysis of the political philosophies that dispute the mastery of our world: liberalism, anarchism, syndicalism, socialism, fascism, communism (with a touch of Weisbordism in conclusion).

WHICH WAY FRANCE? by Alexander Werth (Harper, $3). A competent survey of French politics and policies during the last few eventful years.

THE SOVIETS, by Albert Rhys Williams (Harcourt, Brace, $4). A comprehensive book on the Soviets and the Soviet way of life. (Late April.)

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The Third Fanny Brawne

The Letters of Fanny Brawne to Fanny Keats: 1820-24, edited with a Biographical Introduction by Fred Edgcumbe. New York: The Oxford University Press. 133 pages. $3.

TWO PHANTOM Fanny Brawnes have glided through the story of John Keats, and the publication of these letters bids fair to add a third hardly less legendary. One was the "minx" created by Keats's fearful and jealous imagination, "beautiful and elegant, graceful, silly, fashionable and strange," the frivolous coquette who could pierce him to the heart by flirting before his eyes. The second was Matthew Arnold's vulgar recipient of the vulgar love letters of a surgeon's apprentice, letters which to the priggish and etiolated genteelism of Arnold seemed distressing in their "relaxed self-abandonment" and "entire want of tone."

These thirty-one letters written by Fanny Brawne between 1820 and 1824 destroy both the phantoms. Arnold's timid refinement, to be sure, recoiling from the full-blooded passion of a Keats, perhaps hardly needs refutation. But it has been all too easy to see Fanny Brawne rather superficially through the unhappy eyes of the poet, who even in his earlier letters was too conscious of the possibility that to women he might be only "Mister John Keats, five feet high," and whose later utterances, tormented by longing, tormented by illness and by fevered imagination, are haunted by the vision of a Fanny "a little inclined to the Cressid," flippant, shallow and heartless. The real Fanny Brawne was none of these things.

But neither was she, as we are readily tempted in reaction to feel, a gifted and elevated being. The claim that she was "a young woman of remarkable perception and imagination, keen in observance of character and events, possessing an unusual critical faculty," and, by implication, intellectually a mate for Keats—a claim made by the editor of her letters and accepted by many reviewers—is simply not true. Of the depth and seriousness of her devotion to Keats there can now be no doubt, and the letters written during his last illness and immediately after his death ring with a heart-stricken intensity that is touching and beautiful. The remaining two and a half years covered by the letters, however, reveal an agreeable and lively young lady, neither witty, spiritual nor profound.

She feels that the notion of taking opium "to produce a pleasant feeling is a very *odd* idea"; she discusses dresses of "crepe lisse" and "french sleeves," with a drawing of the latter, remarking, "What I have drawn is, God knows, as unlike a sleeve with an arm in it, as heart can wish"; she chatters of cards and dances: "Don't suppose it was a grand party there could not be above forty people and their rooms are small." So far from being keen in observance of character, she did not at first realize that the Abbeys, already prejudiced against Keats, would hardly be favorably disposed by her obvious feeling that the restrictions they placed on Fanny Keats were repressive and unreasonable.

Her literary tastes are not strong: "I am by no means a great poetry reader—and like few things *not* comic outside of Shakespeare." When she ventures on more serious criticism—Spenser and "King Lear" and Byron—it is not hard to hear echoes of the voice that had "credibly informed her" that "Lord B. is not *really* a great poet." She echoes the judgments, but neither there nor elsewhere does she display much of the perception and imaginative sympathy that so enrich and reveal experience in even the casual letters of Keats. In one place alone, in the tragic mingling of love and grief, does she ever strike a deeper note:

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> Oh can you bear to think of it, he has given up even wishing to live—Good God! is it to be borne that he, framed for everything good, and, I think I dare say it, for everything great, is to give up his hopes of life and happiness, so young too, and to be murdered, for that is the case, by the mere malignity of the world. . . .

And she exclaims bitterly against the doctors "ignorant and unfeeling enough to send him to that wretched country to die, for it is now known that his recovery was impossible before he left us, and he might have died here with so many friends to soothe him and me *me* with him." During those months when her heart was completely filled by Keats and by sorrow for Keats, but only during them, he did indeed briefly lift her to his level. EDGAR JOHNSON.

Spanish Twilight

Spanish Prelude, by Jenny Ballou. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

"THIS WAS the first time I had heard the word future in Madrid, although I had been there three years." This sentence, unbelievable now that Spain's future hangs over all our heads, illustrates the dominant tone of Jenny Ballou's memoirs—published as a novel—of the last years of the Spanish monarchy. The country described here is an inverted story-book Spain, focusing, at least for the author, on intellectual leaders whose absorption in philology increased with the approach of the revolution, and their imitators who in 1929 were still tilting at Don Quixote as at the windmill. For a backdrop there is the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, unfortunate of course but accepted with whimsy or resignation. The important thing is that the literary vanguardists are rediscovering their innocence, and so effectively that they are saved from the fold of the dictatorship just in time to become the playboys of the new republic. There are also a few students who look for their constitutional rights with matches in the street, and now and then someone has a relative in jail. But the jails are pleasant places to visit in the afternoon, and the only bloodshed is perpetrated by an ear-specialist who shoots a lady writer at a masquerade ball. As a final ingredient there is Miss Ballou herself, who was anxious to die for a cause and "lacked only the will." Quite candidly, while the storm brewed, as she puts it, she practised standing on her head. She reports that when she returned to the mountains she "had learned to see people as subhuman caricatures."

However, one must not take the author's humility at face value. However she saw them at the time, she has reseen and recreated her people with discernment and a good deal of wit, and though the limitations of the book make it appear as a bad joke against the present desperate stage of Spain's history, still these people, with their affectations and their café torpor, were undoubtedly a part of the prelude to revolution. Not that they are peculiarly Spanish, except for a few national trimmings. They are the not-quite intellectuals of any country, the flotsam of great social conflict, tossing from one slogan to another as the wind blows. Miss Ballou's real achievement lies in having portrayed them as such, in spite of her greater kinship with them than with "the people," to whom she refers now and then as to a sort of tramp steamer that is always just on the other side of the horizon. There is Dr. Monteagudo, for instance, with a passion for mastoids and guns and other passions more mysterious, who seems to be tied by his heartstrings to the politico-literary group. Like most of the characters, he is

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portrayed chiefly as a bundle of eccentricities, very keenly observed: when she comes to her climactic moments Miss Ballou shies away into a tangle of irrelevancies. There are the socio-bohemian ladies, Carmen and Teresa, less clear because the author confuses them with herself and so they appear almost like specimens of interior dialogue. And there is one triumph in portraiture, the servant-girl Saturnina, who caps her confidences with a delighted: "Señora! My sweetheart killed his sweetheart!"

The sketches—excellent, bad or just dutiful—succeed each other haphazardly. They run straight into the little passages on the soul of Jenny—written as intensely as if the book were intended as a female "Personal History," which I gather it was not—and attempts at criticism of Unamuno, Ortega y Gasset and the destiny of Spain. Some of these are fairly acute, but they have a second-hand sound and when the author is forced to conclude them for herself she either becomes illogical or drops them half-way. She sees the revolution largely as a product of boredom—since the Spaniards she happened to know were bathed in a "tepid ennui"—and in her fluttery analysis of Ortega she reveals herself as one of those hopeful liberals who must take every promising pebble as the cornerstone for a new position. She closes, appropriately, with an exquisite description of a street scene at the Escorial, vaguely symbolic of a future that she was not able to foreshadow in the body of the book.

ELEANOR CLARK.

From the West

Young Robert, by George Albee. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

Suns Go Down, by Flannery Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Company. 226 pages. $2.

THE NEIGHBOR states of California and Nevada furnish characters of wide difference in temperament, age and ways of life for George Albee's novel and Flannery Lewis' biography. The Limewrights were a crazy family; they admitted it, they told everybody so on the slightest provocation or no provocation at all; and Young Robert, born in San Francisco about fifteen years before the fire, was fond as any of them of admitting his craziness and saying deep, quaint things to prove it. The older members of the family, a collection of male Constant Nymphs, took some living up to—Dana, a preacher who could give Aimée McPherson or Billy Sunday odds for their money; Angus the labor agitator; and spectacular seaman Flann. Only Dermott, the quiet rancher, was sane. Bits of San Francisco history and locale are worked into the story, most in the tradition of Native Sons who find themselves and their state unique; but the account of the earthquake and fire, involving persons and fortunes, is an authentic document. Avery Gibson, sober son of a San Francisco Babbitt, tells the story of Robert's early and late bright sayings, his unfulfilled life, as a Boswell might write of a meteoric Johnson, quite rightly picturing himself as the dull member of the combination—anyone who would have gone around listening to Robert wouldn't have been quite bright.

Of very different cloth is old Mrs. Flannery, now past ninety, who came to Virginia City as a bride of sixteen—the only "decent woman" in a city of miners and prostitutes—and, after living through the Comstock Lode days and the death of the city, still considers herself a New England woman. Filtered through the personality of his grandmother, Mr. Lewis gives flashes of men, events and color

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during the short life of the gold boom, when sturdy miners knew their rights and speculators made fortunes. The fragment of a letter toward the end of the book, an invitation to her grandson to visit her, confirms the characteristics of humorous sense, tolerance and sturdiness with which her chronicler endows her. The letter, unfortunately, is necessary to convince the reader; in spite of a wit occasionally as delicate as Mrs. Gaskell's, Mr. Lewis' writing does not bring the old lady to life. She remains a myth rather than a person, someone handed down in legend, of whom a third and less downright generation has heard, until she appears in her own hand. Avery Gibson loved Young Robert, and the fancies his idol uttered were as brilliant to him as the patterings of children to their fond parents; and Mr. Lewis evidently loves his grandmother—fortunately for both of them, her own written word disproves any suspicion that hers are the bright sayings of second childhood repeated by an adoring grandson.

B. E. BETTINGER.

Subject Matter in Art

Representation and Form: A Study of Esthetic Values in Representational Art, by Walter Abell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 172 pages. $3.

PROFESSOR Abell's book is a discussion of the place and function of subject matter in painting, with especial reference to the problem of the relation between subject matter and plastic form. Professor Abell takes what he terms the middle road, the conception that the highest art is the completest possible fusion of form and representation, acknowledging his indebtedness to the work of Drs. Barnes and Reid for their presentation of this view. Unfortunately, however, in what seems to be an undue straining for originality, he fails to present correctly the account of plastic form given by Dr. Barnes in his now classic "Art in Painting." He says that the view he offers "for the first time makes possible an entirely logical statement of that position." I have not been able to find any difference, save one of terminology, between his position and that of Dr. Barnes.

The special contribution by which Professor Abell thinks he has for the first time provided logical foundation for the correct view is the conception of "associative elements." Curiously enough, I have not been able to find any difference between these elements and what Dr. Barnes calls "transferred values," by introducing which he has, nevertheless, according to Professor Abell, "further complicated the issue."

The whole subject of the esthetics of painting is in such a state at present that unneeded confusions should not be gratuitously introduced. The theme of the relation of form and representative content is as important both in theory and in contemporary practice as Professor Abell thinks it is. A clear and coherent conception of their relation, supported by analysis of hundreds of pictures, has been advanced. It is the part of clarity to stand by and use that conception, or else give valid reasons for rejecting or modifying it. Professor Abell's book contains sufficient suggestive matter so that he could have afforded to take openly the former course, since the genuine substance of his book is an expression of Dr. Barnes's ideas.

The book contains many illustrations of important works of art, reproduced with unusual effectiveness, and also an introduction by Professor Pope of Harvard. The student of the art of painting who reads the book in connection with the larger book of Dr. Barnes should profit by it.

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Your Soul Is Dead

ARE WORDS a serious matter? In some company you might have to argue the question, but among ourselves we can agree that they are. As serious as money? Well, anyhow, a serious matter. There are even a few people still at liberty who believe that words comprise all the seriousness there is. But for most of us words are the means of exchange, not the commodity, and their currency value varies according to our known credit. We judge the worth of words by who is using them, and how. In speech we get along with small change, and a handful at that; but in writing we dig down into our wallets for the real coin of the realm. In poetry it has to be pure gold, or very nearly. (What I am writing now has a certain percentage of nickel in it.) We have been off the gold standard for some time, and I'm not worrying about that; a man must live, and most of us are not likely to handle a gold piece in the course of our natural lives. Most of us do business in prose-currency—let's call it silver-alloy. And business is good. But who is to protect us from the counterfeiters?

By counterfeiters I mean writers of every sort who deliberately, or through ignorance, falsify words. I mean, for example, this: during the last few weeks a certain travel book has been advertised as follows: "If you can read it and not shriek with delight your soul is dead." If that's not counterfeit I never heard a phrase ring true. The blurb-writer in this case is known (he is the author of a current best-seller); no publisher would have quite the gall to invent such a statement on his own. But as you see, neither would he refuse to use one that came so conveniently to hand. Well, that blurb got under my skin. And the fact that it got under my skin would, I am afraid, indicate to the publisher that it was effective. Not altogether, of course; for the blurb has not made me buy or even borrow the book—in fact, it has determined me never to read the book at all. I don't deny for a minute that it will attract a lot of readers.

Perhaps if I said, "If you can read a publisher's blurb and not scream with disgust you have the soul of a pimp," I might arouse the same feelings of horror and indignation among publishers that one of them has aroused in me; but that would not really get us much forrarder. That would simply plunge me into the same morass of moral insanity, and I still hope to find a way out. So let me withdraw the expression—a little regretfully, because it is a fine blurb, as blurbs go, and I am sure it would get under some publisher's skin. Still, I withdraw it. After all, the publisher didn't write that mighty line himself, even if he did sponsor it. This is his official pronouncement on the book: "An astonishing, witty, wry book," written by a man "who tried to 'get away from it all'—but whose sharp eyes and restless intelligence wouldn't let him." The book is presented to us, in short, as the "wry" record of an unhappy failure; and at the same time we are invited to find it riotously amusing. If we do not shriek with delight as we read it, indeed, our souls are dead.

At the Judgment Seat the publisher's defense will no doubt be: "You see, it was just an ad. No one takes the words in *advertisements* seriously. Now—" And the implacable, interrupting sentence, we must not doubt, will be: "To hell with that." Publishers take ads seriously, or why do they pay for them? And readers take ads seriously, or why does the publisher bother with them? Of course, people take ads seriously, that's just the trouble. What they don't take seriously is not-taking-ads-seriously, not-

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taking-words-seriously. When words become such a joke to the "sophisticated" that they must shriek with delight as they read them or admit that their dead souls are beyond a joke—well, this point of view is so far beyond normal cynicism that it can only be called insane.

I certainly do not mean to imply that every book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit. And I know that some publishers do not cry false wares; some publishers feel uncomfortable about marketing their tripe and are only happy when they are losing money on a good book. That is hardly the point. The point is that in a civilization where poetry, the art of the word, is so disregarded, misunderstood and despised as it is generally today, words themselves must necessarily become cheap, and counterfeits so plenteous that they outnumber the genuine by a million to one. The only authority the reading public has is the best-seller lists; and though publishers rightly and indignantly deny that they have anything to do with picking best-sellers, they have a great deal to do with boosting them. And it is very much to the publishers' interests that they should flatter the public taste into thinking itself infallible. The result is chaos. How can so many hopelessly bad writers be mistaken for good writers? How can literary charlatans flourish like the green bay trees they write about? How can such hollow words make such a loud mockery of meaning? Because readers so misunderstand—and are so encouraged to misunderstand—the function of writing, the full meaning of words, that the most they ask of a book is that it shall make them smile or weep or forget themselves for a few hours; the least they ask is that it shall make them shriek with delight so that they can prove to themselves that their souls (God save the mark) are not yet dead.

And can a book do more than that, at best or at worst? You forget that we agreed: words are serious.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Novels in Brief

Between the Hammer and the Anvil, by Edwin Seaver. New York: Julian Messner. $2.50.

EDWIN SEAVER'S book is a thriller, with politics superimposed. The story is of three bad and idle boys who think up a way of stealing an automobile, steal it and come to a bad end. So crime does not pay and the wages of sin is death—but like one tone-deaf who still tries to sing, the author imagines he has given us something set to a Marxist tune, militant and rousing; he seems to be so sure that here is a call to arms that he marches side by side not with explanations and with interpretations but with slogans. He has made everything simple, easy. Of the characters in the book, the women who are doomed to a historical oblivion, belonging to a dying class, are old, lecherous; their faces are painted, they seduce little boys. Those, on the other hand, who have something in them worth saving, who are to be redeemed, are kind, pretty, gentle, not too sexy. But even these are wooden, do not live. The only thing beautiful and clear that the reviewer of this book remembers as worth saving, the only thing inspired and clean, is the green and shiny Packard that the boys steal and wreck. N. A.

Together and Apart, by Margaret Kennedy. New York: Random House. $2.50.

The constant nymph here is a kindergarten teacher who gets her man, even though he has to divorce his wife, who then marries her titled cousin, a solemn owl and the family joke. The idea comes strongly through the atmosphere of

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country homes and London apartments that the original couple (middle-aged, with adolescent children) should never have been separated, while the nymph might have made an excellent wife for the titled cousin—who, despite Miss Kennedy's chuckling, is the best person in the book. At least he has some idea that events are taking place in the larger outside world, while most of the others are wrapped up in their own whimsy. Miss Kennedy has never quite repeated her earlier success with wistfully comic people and they seem thin indeed in these times, though the present story is written with skilled lightness and has a surface interest. It is simply the kind of pleasantly meaningless writing that is relished by every generation and is forgotten by the next. H. T. M.

Still Is the Summer Night, by August Derleth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The story of this novel is in itself rather slight. It deals with two brothers, Ratio and Alton Halder, young farmers living on the edge of a Wisconsin town in the 1880's; of Ratio's wife, Julie, to whom he is unfaithful and whom Alton loves; of the birth of Alton's child and of Ratio's death soon after; of the marriage of Julie and Alton then, and the dubious peace they win. But the slightness of this story is part of a design, one feels, which subjects the slow rhythms of daily living to the larger rhythms of external nature and to the impingement of history: the stable and the fluid. Thus the book, by reason of the author's keen observation and really lovely descriptions of nature, and his sense for a changing social order, ceases to be quite a novel and becomes rather a rich chronicle of country life, in which the drama of human interests is but a slow and rather quiet part. M. S.

I Would Be Private, by Rose Macaulay. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

A young London policeman, whose wife has given birth to quintuplets, is the mouthpiece of Miss Macaulay's desire for privacy. He is one of the popular types of English fiction: the serious, reserved, law-abiding citizen who is always capable of weighing the pros and cons of a situation very deliberately and solidly and of finally taking just the right course, bringing an admiring sigh to the reader's lips. He suits Miss Macaulay's pen very nicely; style and policeman go hand in hand with neat and studied steps to the Virgin Islands, where the policeman hopes to find a little family privacy. Instead, he finds his wayward father-in-law with a large mulatto family, a surrealist, two poets, a nymphomaniac, and almost every quintuplet-gazer within a radius of a thousand miles. This is too much even for our noble Christian; he crushes the surrealist quite easily, but succumbs to the inevitable, and we leave him signing advertisements on Parrot Island, exhibiting his quins and filling up his moneybags. A book guaranteed to make prospective quin-parents stop and think twice. R. V.

Not All Rivers, by Adriana Spadoni. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Life is no easy passage for Rhoda Townsend, central figure of Miss Spadoni's novel. Happily married to a University of California professor, she tosses this security aside when her husband refuses to live up to the ambitious plans she holds for him. Alone in San Francisco, now unemployed, now working at a variety of uninteresting jobs, she finally meets David Evans, a liberal attorney, serves as his secretary for a time and then marries him. But even this leaves her unsatisfied. It is not until she goes through a bitterly fought agricultural strike, in which David is nearly killed

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by vigilantes, that Rhoda realizes her struggle for a personal salvation is doomed unless she ties this salvation to the hopes and aspirations of millions of others. "Not All Rivers" tends to bog down in spots under Rhoda's eternal self-questionings, but it remains an interesting study of a highly self-conscious, humorless woman's struggle for orientation in a confused world. D. J.

Return Not Again, by Annette Heard. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

This is a book about the cotton-pickers and croppers, both black and white, of the Mississippi Delta. It is notable for the sympathy with which its characters are drawn. Through Clementine, the heroine, we are made one of them; we learn to hate the wealthy planters whose way of life presents such a bitter contrast materially, and whose thefts and philandering hardly make them superior to the poor "peckerwoods" they despise. But the author seems to accept without challenge some of the beliefs promulgated by these same planters. For example, she seems to think that aristocratic blood carries with it a recognizable delicacy of feature, disposition and mind. It is because Clementine is the illegitimate child of a planter that she is seized by a driving ambition to rise above her class. But her revolt is personal and ends in defeat. Wade, her husband, dies in a prison camp, after shooting the planter who has robbed and beaten him. Clementine fulfills her aspirations toward a better life by bearing an illegitimate son to another planter. At the end, tragically, she gives the child to his father. There is poetry in the book and too much lavish description. But these flaws are not sufficient greatly to mar a most interesting first novel. Myra Marini.

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about
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CONTRIBUTORS

T. K. WHIPPLE is professor of English at the University of California. He is the author of "Spokesmen: Modern Writers and American Life."

HAMILTON BASSO, after spending a good part of the winter in New York City, has returned to his home in North Carolina. His third novel, "Courthouse Square," was published last fall by Scribner's.

BARRINGTON RYERSON is a student at the University of London. As his article shows, he recently returned to England after being wounded in the fighting in Spain.

KARL BILLINGER is the author of "Fatherland," one of the best books ever written about the underground radical movement and the concentration camps in Germany. He has recently been living in Switzerland, from which country he sent the book review in this issue.

MARY CASS CANFIELD has been a columnist, a playwright and a literary and dramatic critic. Her work includes a book of essays, "Grotesques," and a play, "The Duchess Says Her Prayers."

GRACE ADAMS is the author of "Psychology: Science or Superstition" and "Your Child Is Normal." She has traveled in Haiti.

MARTHA GRUENING has devoted many years to study and writing in the field of sociology and has centered her attention on the question of interracial relationships.

EDGAR JOHNSON'S study of biography during the last four centuries, "One Mighty Torrent: The Drama of Biography," has just been published by Stackpole Sons.

ELEANOR CLARK, a graduate of Vassar College, is doing editorial work for the publishing house of W. W. Norton and Company.

B. E. BETTINGER, a member of the staff of The New Republic, has contributed book reviews to The Nation and The New York Herald Tribune Books.

JOHN DEWEY, noted educator and philosopher, is the author of "Art and Experience," an outstanding contribution to esthetics.

T. S. MATTHEWS is the author of two novels, "To the Gallows I Must Go" and "The Moon's No Fool." He was formerly a member of the editorial staff of The New Republic.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Nathan Asch, Harry Thornton Moore, Richard Vaughan, Mark Schorer, Dan James and Myra Marini.

THE THEATRE GUILD *presents*
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LAST WEEK

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by Bruno Frank, adapted by James Bridie
with SARA ALLGOOD ROGER LIVESEY
CLAUDIA MORGAN IAN McLEAN
LEO G. CARROLL
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd Street, West of Broadway. Mats. Thursday and Saturday, 2:40. Eve., 8:40.

BEATRICE LILLIE BERT LAHR
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THE SHOW IS ON
REGINALD GARDINER MITZI MAYFAIR PAUL HAAKON
WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50th St., Evenings 8:30; Mats. Thurs. & Sat. $1 to $2.50.

PSYCHOLOGISTS' LEAGUE FORUM
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LEONARD W. DOOB, Ph.D., Inst. of Human Relations, Yale
CLARINA MICHELSON, Dept. Store Employees' Union
SOLOMON DIAMOND, Ph.D., Columbia University
Community Church, 550 W. 110 St., N. Y. C.
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